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CONCORDIA SEMINAR
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. XXVI.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1904.

No. 1.

Jesus With Us.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."
Matt. 28, 20.

"Jesus with us all our days,
This the promise He hath given;
This our ev'ry fear allays
On our pilgrimage to heaven.
Jesus with us all our days,
Floods the earth with golden rays."

A New Volume.

With this number we begin a new volume of our paper, hoping that also in his new dress the PIONEER will be welcome in the homes where he has been a regular visitor in the past, and that many new homes will be opened to him in the future. The aim of the paper remains the same as stated in its first issue twenty-five years ago: "It will come to you every month and talk to you about the truth as it is in Jesus. It will try to make you acquainted with the doctrines of the Bible to the salvation of your soul. These doctrines will be brought to you in all their purity, as they are taught in the Bible and professed by the dear church which bears the name of Luther, the great Reformer. Our missionaries will through this paper send you the news from the mission field. They will tell you about their hardships and their success. And when time allows, our little friend will sit down by your side and tell you some little story to interest and to benefit you. We hope you will welcome him and treat him kindly when he comes. He has a hard road to travel."

For twenty-five years the PIONEER has traveled the hard road, and as he passed his twenty-fifth year, or silver jubilee, he was glad no flowers were

thrown at him. The only gift he wishes is a larger number of readers in the coming years. Hopefully he continues on his journey, knowing that if it pleases God to own the paper also in the future, He will raise up friends to carry it forward to the accomplishment of its mission; if He does not need it, gladly will the PIONEER retire into silence. We again commend our little friend on his journey to the care of our most merciful God. For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things; to Him be glory forever.

Salvation in Jesus Only.

The Gospel lesson for New Year's Day tells us that the Babe of Bethlehem was called Jesus, as the angel had said to Joseph before the Child's birth, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Jesus means Saviour, and in that name there is salvation, and in none other. The apostle plainly says, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts 4, 12. None other name than the name Jesus. Therefore the Saviour began His ministry by saying, "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God," John 3, 18. The question of man's salvation turns upon believing or not believing on the Son of God. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3, 36.

Hence, when Christ's messengers went forth to preach, their trumpets gave no uncertain sound

concerning the way of man's salvation. We find Peter in the house of Cornelius telling his hearers of the death and resurrection of Jesus, and adding, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," Acts 10, 43. We find Paul standing before the Jews and saying, "Be it known to you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things," Acts 13, 38. We find Paul and Silas preaching to the terrified jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16, 31. We find Philip telling the Ethiopian that the Suffering One of whom the prophet speaks as the Lamb upon whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all, is none other than Jesus. He "preached unto him Jesus," Acts 8, 35.

Thus it is everywhere, whether Jews or Gentiles, old or young, rich or poor, black or white are addressed. For all there is salvation in Jesus only. Peter could say, "We believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we [Jews] shall be saved, even as they" [Gentiles], Acts 15, 11. Paul wrote of Jews and Gentiles, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," Rom. 3, 23. "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace," Eph. 1, 7. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. 3, 11.

Since there is salvation in Him only whose name was called Jesus, it is of the greatest importance that you as a poor sinner trust in Him alone for salvation. Upon this hangs your eternal destiny. And remember that every passing year, yea, every passing hour brings you nearer to that eternity which will be to you either an eternity of bliss and joy or of woe and misery. "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;" but it is equally true that there is nothing but condemnation for them that are not in Christ Jesus. Therefore, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Your Sundays.

Did you ever think of the many Sundays that have come to you during your lifetime? They were *your* Sundays. Since every seventh day is a Sunday, a person seven years of age has had a whole year of Sundays, a person 21 years of age has had three years, and a person 35 years of age has had

five years, and a person 70 years of age has had ten years of Sundays. Think of the many Sundays of your lifetime—*your* Sundays. On how many of these Sundays did God's grace come very near to you in His Word and Sacrament? Do none of these Sundays bear witness against you as a despiser of God's Word and preaching? Have you always been diligent in the use of these Sundays for the salvation of your soul?

Another year comes to you with its many Sundays. You may not live to see them all; they may not all be *your* Sundays; *your* Sundays may come to an end before the close of the year 1904. Consider the things which belong to thy peace, and neglect not the time of thy visitation!

"God Knows What is Best."

Little Dora lay on the sickbed for several weeks. She was very ill and suffered much pain. One day when her father was sitting by her in her illness, she said to him, "God knows what is best, papa."

What simple trust of that little child in sickness, suffering, and pain! By simple faith she held fast to the comforting truth, "God knows what is best." And may not every child of God learn from her to trust with a simple faith as she trusted?

Days and weeks of suffering and grief and sorrow may come to us in the new year, but they come from God who knows what is best, and they must therefore work together for our good. In the blessed assurance that God knows what is best, the Christian may joyfully go forward on his journey through another year. That blessed truth that God knows what is best will calm and quiet his heart in the dark hours when he does not know the whys and wherefores of God's ways, and when God says to him, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears—
Some time, some time we'll understand."

The Better Country.

Of Old Testament saints it is said: "Truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they had come out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city," Hebr. 11, 15, 16. It was

this prepared city which made Abraham a happy wanderer, living in tents all his life, "for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." It was the shining and beauty of this city which he and other patriarchs saw afar off as they journeyed on, confessing "that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

All God's children are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, journeying to that better country, far better than an earthly Canaan, though flowing with milk and honey. It is the country where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away," Rev. 21, 4.

As the years pass by God's pilgrims rejoice that every closing year brings them nearer to that better country.

Not in Vain.

The believer's work for Christ is not in vain. Says an aged divine: "In that great day no honor done to Christ on earth shall be found to be forgotten. Not a single kind word or deed, not a cup of cold water, or a box of ointment, shall be omitted from the record. Do we know what it is to work for Christ? If we do, let us take courage and work on. We may be laughed at by the world; our motives may be misunderstood; our conduct may be misrepresented; our sacrifices for Christ's sake may be called 'waste'—waste of time, waste of money, waste of strength. Let none of these things move us. The eye of Him who sat in Simon's house in Bethany is upon us. He notes all we do out of love to Him, and is well pleased. Let us be 'steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.'"

A Pious King.

King Frederick William III of Prussia was accustomed to say: "Sunday makes the week, and if I were not to go to church the festival character and the best of the whole day would be lost to me." He, therefore, with his family regularly attended the Sunday services of God's house, and knew how to remove everything which would keep him from going to church. Though very much engaged, and taxed on all sides, he still knew how to find time for this pleasant duty. He, therefore, strongly rebuked the neglect of the church on the part of his

officers, and called their pretense of want of time "a miserable excuse." He often said, "The time which is passed in the church for our edification is not lost. Refreshed and strengthened we can do our work far better and easier."

Christ Our High Priest.

Christ was anointed to be our Prophet, Priest, and King. As the true Prophet, anointed by the Holy Ghost, the Oil of Gladness, He, in the days of His flesh, went up and down throughout the land of the Jews, preaching good tidings, binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and opening the prison unto them that lay in the bondage of sin and Satan; and this same office He still performs through the preaching of His Gospel and the administration of the Sacraments. As the true High Priest, appointed by God, He fulfilled all the demands of the Law for us, took our sins upon Himself, and died for them upon the cursed wood of the cross; and this highpriestly office He still performs at the right hand of His Father, where, as our Advocate, He makes intercession for us.

It is of Christ as our High Priest that we will now hear a little more.

To better understand this office of our Saviour, it will be necessary for us to hear something of the duties of the Jewish high priest on the great Day of Atonement. On that day the high priest would take of the blood of the sacrifice offered for himself and the people, and enter into the Holy of Holies, which was hidden from all the other people by a heavy curtain. In this Holy Place stood the mercy seat, the visible dwelling place of God upon earth. Taking of the blood, he would sprinkle it upon the mercy seat seven times. This was to atone for the sins and transgressions of the people and to reconcile God. Such was the office of the high priest in the days before Christ's coming into the flesh, and in performing this duty of his office, he foreshadowed the office of Christ, the true High Priest, who has reconciled us unto God.

We had called down upon us God's wrath and displeasure by our sins. The Law of God had been transgressed by us in all its points. But this Law must be fulfilled. And Christ did it for us. "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," Gal. 4, 4. 5. Like a heavy, crushing load the Law lay upon us; unbearable it was for us. Then Christ came and

took the whole load upon Himself, fulfilling all the demands of the Law, and thus unburdening us. He having perfectly kept God's Law for us, we are now free from its curse, free children of God.

But Christ did more. He also died for our sins. Only by the shedding of blood can there be remission of sins; and to gain forgiveness for us, Christ shed His own blood on the cross. God had said, The soul that sinneth must die,—death was the punishment of sin. This punishment Christ bore for us. "Christ His own self bare our sins in His

Jesus Christ the Righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," 1 John 2, 1. 2. The high priests of the Old Testament were the mediators of the people. In this they were shadows of Christ, who is the true Mediator between God and man. He is ever at the right hand of His Father, making intercession for us. Having died for our sins and thus being the propitiation for our sins, His prayer for us is ever heard. Through Him we receive forgiveness of sins and power to overcome evil. His



The Jewish High Priest.

own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed," 1 Pet. 2, 24. In the Old Testament the high priest killed a goat upon whom the sins of the people were laid; but Christ, the true High Priest, took our sins upon Himself and gave Himself as a sacrifice for us upon the altar of the cross. He, the holy, harmless, undefiled Lamb of God, bore our sins and the punishment we had deserved; and being God Himself, His death was sufficient to atone for the whole world's sins for all time.

But Christ is still our High Priest, and as such intercedes for us with His heavenly Father. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father,

prayers gain for us all we need to be preserved in faith, and to make progress in holiness. Yes, it is because of His intercession that God shows long-suffering and patience towards the sinner.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Fulfilled the Law, and died,
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the Throne.

F. J. L.

To be baptized is naught else than to be bathed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ.—*Luther.*

The Holy Family.

In our picture we see the Holy Family: the Child Jesus together with Joseph, His foster-father, and Mary, His mother.

Joseph and Mary were not holy by nature; they were born sinners, like all other men. The Bible says of all men, "There is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." They were "by nature children of wrath, even as others." But they believed in Him of whom the angel said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." By faith in this Saviour they had forgiveness of sin and became the holy children of God. As God's children they walked in the way of His commandments, thus giving an example to all Christian parents.

The Child Jesus was holy by nature. He was conceived by the Holy Ghost and was without sin. Therefore the angel said to the Virgin Mary, "The *holy* thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." He, the Sinless One, took our place under the Law, fulfilling all its demands in our stead. He also left us an example "that we should follow His steps."—Blessed is the family in which parents follow the example of Joseph and Mary, walking in the way of the Lord, and in which children follow the steps of the holy Child Jesus, of whom we read that He was "subject" unto His parents and "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

Trusting the Lord for Supply.

There was once an old colored auntie who went by the name of Nancy, and who was a bright and cheerful Christian, though she was very poor. One said to her one day, "Suppose, Nancy, you could

not get any work, or suppose your health failed, or suppose you had to go into the workhouse, or suppose—"

"Stop," interrupted Nancy, "I never suppose. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall not want."

Nancy knew that it was the Lord's business to keep and feed her. She had learned that the shepherd tends the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd.

Old Billy Bray, when speaking of the Lord supplying his need, used to say, "Do ye think He'll starve Billy? No, no, there's sure to be a bit of flour in the bottom of the barrel for Billy. I can trust in Jesus, and while I trust Him, He'd as soon starve Michael, the Archangel, as He'd starve Billy."

The Christian can say with simple confidence, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He need not be hampered by carking care, nor troubled about "tomorrow."

Child of God, trust in your loving Father's care and in His Shepherd character!

"Why should I ever careful be
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night
and day
And tells me, 'Mine is
thine.'"



The Holy Family.

A Hidden Bible.

Once a Bible was baked in a loaf of bread. That was in a far-away country called Austria. Some wicked men came into the house to find the Bible and burn it up, but the woman who owned it was just going to bake bread, so she rolled her Bible up in a big loaf and put it in the oven. When the men went away she took out the loaf, and it was not hurt a bit. That was a good place to hide a Bible, don't you think so? But I will tell you a better place still. David knew of that place when he said, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart," Ps. 119, 11.

Rays of Light.

A Rest to the People of God.

HEBR. 4, 9.

We pass a few more years,
A few more joys shall know,
A few more sighs and tears,
A few more toils below.

Then everlasting rest
Shall follow weary days,
And we, among the blest,
Rejoice in endless praise.

Forever with the Lord,
Where there is no more night
And Jesus is adored
In everlasting light.

Then let us patient be
'Mid earthly care and pain,
Sure of a blest eternity
With Christ, our Lord, to reign.

*Selected.***Burning a God in China.**

You know the people in China have a great many gods. Some of them are images made of clay, or wood, or stone, or some metal, and are kept in large beautiful temples. But there is one—a *paper* god—which we find in every home; and about this one I want to tell you.

It is called the "kitchen god," and is only a rude, bright-colored picture on coarse, thin paper, pasted up on the wall, inside a little shrine. There is always a shelf before it, with a pot of ashes standing upon it. The people do not pray to this god; but they worship it by lighting little sticks of incense, and setting them up in the pot of ashes, and, while the incense is burning, getting down on their hands and knees before the god, and knocking their heads on the ground two or three times. This they do in the morning and evening, generally; but in some families they are very careless about it, and sometimes, for weeks together, do not worship at all. But if any one in the family is taken sick, or if any trouble comes, they are very apt to think it is because they have neglected the "kitchen god;" and so they begin to worship it again.

They think that this god watches over the family, and that he sees and hears what they do and say. The strangest thing about it I have not yet told you. Just before New Year's there comes a day when, in every home, the "kitchen god" is taken down and *burned up*. The people say that they send their god up to heaven to report what they have done during the year. With him they burn little pieces of brown paper, cut to represent ladders, on which he is to go up. They know, of course, that they have done a

great many wrong things which they do not want reported; so, the morning before the god is to be sent up, they bring an offering of molasses candy, in balls, on a plate, and set it before him, leaving it there all day. The god cannot eat it of course; but they say it is to stick his lips together so that he cannot tell the wrong things they have done. In the evening, after they have burned him up, they eat the candy themselves. Then, after a few days, they buy a new god, and put it up in the place of the old one.

These poor blind heathen do not know of any better way to get rid of their sins than this, because no one has told them of Jesus, who died to save us from our sins. — *Missionary Echoes.*

He Carries Up the Hills.

An aged Christian was teaching several children the Twenty-third Psalm, which speaks of our Lord as the good Shepherd. As they were talking about the good Shepherd, and how He takes care of the sheep and the lambs, one of the children, who was more eager than the others to tell what she thought about the matter, said, "He feeds them and drives away the lions and the bears." Another one said more calmly and thoughtfully, "Yes, and He carries His sheep up the hills."

The remarks of these girls made the aged Christian confess that he had had as much help from the children as he had given them, if not more, especially from the child's words, "He carries up the hills."

Blessed be His name, He does! There may be many hills before us as we enter a new year and continue our life's journey; but we need not worry. The good Shepherd carries His sheep up the hills. He supports us in weakness, carries our burdens, sustains us in trials, overcomes our difficulties, enables us by His grace, helps us in danger, and upholds us by His power.

"Shall I not rejoice for this?

He is mine and I am His;

And when these bright days are past

Safely in His arms at last

He will bear me home to heaven;

Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!"

Obedience to God.

True obedience to God is the obedience of faith and good works; that is, he is truly obedient to God who trusts Him and does what He commands.

Luther.

Light in Darkness.

The late Rev. M. Frommel, the well-known Lutheran pastor, relates the following:

An old man of eighty years lay dying. I was sitting at his bedside. He was poor, very poor. As long as he was able, he had earned his daily bread by carpentering, but now he was old and sick. As long as he could see, he had searched diligently in the Word of God, but now he was blind. As long as he could go, in spite of his blindness he went Sunday after Sunday to church, a two hours' journey over the mountain, in the one hand a staff, by the other led by his little grandson; but he had fallen once and was now so lame that he could not leave his bed. I have often sat at his side, yet in the twenty years that I have known him, he never uttered a word of complaint, but deep peace rested upon his noble features, and his highest joy was to speak of the mystery of God's love. As the end drew near, I asked him what text I should take for his funeral sermon, when he raised himself up, turned his sightless eyes upon me, and said, "My text is in the book of Micah, and reads: 'When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.'"

"I Shall Not Want."

Peden, one of the commanders in the time when Protestants were persecuted in Scotland, relates a touching story of two Christian women who were suffering for Christ's sake. He says: "There was a poor woman in Clydesdale, as I came through, who was asked how she did in this evil time. 'I do well,' said she, 'for I get more good of one verse of the Bible now than I did of it lang syne. He hath cast me the keys of the pantry-door and bidden me take my fill.' The other woman was a widow whose husband fell at Bothwell, and when the soldiers came and plundered her house, telling her, 'We will leave nothing, neither to put in thee nor on thee;' 'I care not,' she said, 'I shall not want so long as God is in heaven.'"

The two Christian women knew the truth of the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

"The Right Side of Eighty."

An old man was asked what his age was. He answered, "The right side of eighty."

"I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer.

"I am beyond it," said the old man, "and that is the right side, for I am nearer to my eternal rest."

NOTES AND ITEMS.

THE HARVEST IS GREAT.—Mr. Zeller, "statistical expert" at Stuttgart, Germany, estimates that of the 1,544,516,000 human beings in the world only one third, or 534,940,000, are professed Christians. There are millions that have never heard the Gospel.

"There's a harvest awaiting the sickle,
Unnumbered fields welcome our view.
Where the ripe golden grain can be gathered;
But those who will labor are few.

"The Lord is still searching for workers,
'More laborers!' still is His call.
Oh, who, then, will choose to be idle?
Our Master has need of us all."

AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHERS.—A missionary says: "The responses and singing of Indian congregations are often startling in their full-voiced earnestness, and no less impressive is their reverent attention to sermons and instructions." Such Indian congregations set an example for others to follow. Many a white and colored congregation might learn from them.

BIBLE WORK.—The British and Foreign Bible Society celebrated recently its one-hundredth anniversary in London. It reported an amazing body of work during the past hundred years. It has circulated one hundred and eighty millions of copies of the Bible or parts of the Bible. It has secured translations of the Bible into nearly four hundred languages. Over against this work, it reported that there are still in the world four hundred and fifty millions of people who have never yet had the chance to read the Bible in the only language that they can understand. This Bible Society is strictly observing its rule, not to print any new version or edition of the Sacred Scriptures, unless proofs have been read twenty times. Any one who discovers a typographical error after printing gets a liberal reward. Within the last year only fifty little mistakes were discovered.

AN HONEST CONVERT.—A Jew in a Western city failed over a year ago and settled with his creditors at twenty cents on the dollar. Among them was a well-known Philadelphia merchant, who of course never expected to hear from him again. What was his surprise, however, upon opening a letter from his former customer recently, to find a check in it for sixty per cent. more of the amount due, and also the promise that the balance would be forwarded in the near future. "However," added the writer, "you have not me to thank for this, but the Lord Jesus Christ, who has converted my soul."

PRITZLAFF MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CONCORDIA SEMINARY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DID NOT FEEL EASY.—A city missionary met a prominent business man recently, who said, "Looking over my cash account I saw this entry: 'Pug terrier, \$10.00;' and on the next line, 'City Missionary Society, \$5.00.' I have not felt quite easy about that matter ever since, and you may count on me for an additional \$5.00."

MISSION IN PALESTINE.—The observation and experiences of a missionary in the Holy Land are thus given by an exchange:

Rev. W. S. Black, an independent missionary in Jerusalem, has been engaged in Bible distribution. He writes that he meets there people from all parts of Europe, Asia Minor, and Northeastern Africa, many of whom seem afraid to accept a copy of the Gospel, and are rarely willing to pay more than a fraction of the price. Besides the distant pilgrims, people from scores of surrounding villages may be met in Jerusalem every day. They are composed chiefly of Moslems, Greeks, and Latins. The last are Roman Catholics, and, as a rule, do not want the Bible. The majority of those Moslems who can read, or whose children can read, desire the Word, if it is free, while those of the Greek church, including Arabs and people from Greece, may be said to be eager for the Word of God. They are more intelligent and industrious than their Moslem neighbors. Their children are crowding the mission schools and form the most hopeful class for missionary effort in Palestine.

PRAISE FOR MISSIONARIES.—Bishop Brooks once wrote from India to a friend: "The missionaries are as noble a set of men and women as the world has to show. Tell your friends who do not believe in foreign missions that they do not know what they are talking about, and that three weeks' sight of mission work in India would convert them wholly."

A GREENLAND NEWSPAPER.—The *Foreign Missionary* reports the following: "*Kalovikmik* is the name and title of an illustrated family paper which appears monthly at Godthaap (Good Hope), on the west coast of Greenland. It is a welcome visitor in the homes of the Greenland Eskimos, who are all members of our Lutheran church and no blind heathen any more. The editor of the paper is also its printer, publisher, and newsboy. The price of the *Kalovikmik* is one seal for a year; two geese for three months; and a young wild duck for a single number." The editor of *Kalovikmik* need not look for subscribers among the readers of the *PIONEER*. We don't know about chickens, but geese and ducks are scarce. And then think of the seal!

The Christian Trusts God.

Those who do not know God will never trust Him. When the world they can see fails them, they are in despair, for they have nothing left. But the Christian who knows God as his Father is not troubled when the things he can see fail, for he has God and all God's promises—His love, His goodness, His power, His grace. "My God shall supply all your needs."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

SCHOLIA, Explanatory Notes and Interpretative Remarks on the Text of Luther's Small Catechism. By Prof. F. Lindemann. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 15 cts.

This is an excellent booklet from the able pen of Prof. F. Lindemann, of our Teachers' Seminary at Addison, Ill. Its Notes and Remarks will be of valuable service to all who wish to teach and help pupils to understand Luther's Small Catechism.

From the Louis Lange Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo., we have received a beautiful picture representing the FACULTY OF OUR LUTHERAN SEMINARY AT ST. LOUIS. It is a very fine work of art and will prove a beautiful ornament, especially in the pastor's study. Price, 50 cts.; handsomely framed, \$2.00.

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann from congregation in Mansura, La., 5.50; of Rev. K. Kretzschmar from Mount Zion Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Mr. Geo. P. Wolf from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. L. E. Thalley from congregation in Springfield, Ill., 12.60; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt from Grace Church in Concord, N. C., 10.00.

St. Louis, Dec. 15, 1903. A. C. BURGDOFF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

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No. 2.

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

P. Cary.

The Way of Salvation.

The free Gospel way of salvation, as set forth in the Bible, is foolishness to the worldly wise and a stumbling block to the self-righteous. For in human nature there is deeply implanted the thought, that eternal life can be obtained only by tears and good resolutions and our own works and our own righteousness. Many an awakened sinner, instead of accepting the assurance of forgiveness through the finished work of Christ, thinks about God with distrust and suspicion and fear, and tries to make himself better before simply believing in Jesus. Yet all over the Bible it is written, as if with a sunbeam, that the sinner wishing to be saved has nothing to do, because all the doing was done when Jesus bowed His head on the cross and rose again for our justification.

Referring only to the New Testament, its language is: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," Luke 19, 10. "For

God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is PASSED from death unto life," John 5, 24. "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," Acts 10, 43. "By Him all that believe ARE justified from all things," Acts 13, 39. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16, 31. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," Rom. 4, 5. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. 6, 23. "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the Law," Gal. 3, 13. "Accepted in the Beloved; in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace," Eph. 1, 6, 7. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. 2, 8, 9. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us," Tit. 3, 5. "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," Hebr. 9, 26. "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ," 1 Pet. 1, 18, 19. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1, 7. "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," Rev. 5, 9. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. 22, 17.

Such is a hurried illustration of the teachings of the Bible as to the way of salvation. Salvation is given for nothing. It is by grace through faith in the finished work of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. This teaching gives all the glory of our salvation to God alone. It is humbling to the pride of the heart, and therefore offends human nature and feeling. But it is the only true way of salvation; for salvation is in Jesus only—a full and free salvation. “Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,” Acts 4, 12.

The Saviour's Invitation.

In the Gospel sinners are invited to come to the Saviour for rest and salvation. Jesus says, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

With respect to these Gospel invitations there are only two courses that can be taken. They must either be accepted or rejected. There is no middle way. To ignore them, or to put off considering them, is simply to reject them.

“The Saviour invites thee, my friend,
O what shall thine answer be?
Wilt thou bid Him welcome, or reject
His offer of pardon so free?

“The Saviour invites thee, my friend,
O list to His tender voice!
And come to Him for peace and for rest,
And in His salvation rejoice!”

Prayer Before Going to Church.

Merciful God and Father! Thou seest that by reason of my depraved nature I have no delight in Thy Word, and that I so easily permit the devil, my own flesh and blood, the children of the world, also false teachers and preachers, and other trivial causes to keep me away from it, and that I am too indolent and careless to hear and preserve Thy Word.

Therefore, I now pray Thee, O eternal God, forgive me this my inbred indolence, and do Thou give me a heart willing and apt to hear and meditate upon Thy Word. And make in me such an earnest longing that I may have a desire for the sincere milk of the Divine Word, as a newborn babe. Help me, that I may find my chief delight in Thy Word. May there be nothing in this world dearer to me than Thy Word. May I love it more

than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and always regard it as my best treasure.

And as I, alas! have lived to see the time which Thy dear Son Himself foretold, that false Christs should arise and do wonders, that, if it were possible, even the elect should be deceived, I pray Thee that Thou wouldst graciously defend and protect me from error and false doctrine. Keep me in Thy truth, for Thy Word is truth, that I may cling to the same as heavenly truth, and remain steadfast in the same unto death.

Grant this for the sake of the honor of Thy most holy and blessed name. Amen.

From The Little Treasure of Prayers.

A Safe Habitation.

Spurgeon relates: In 1854, when I had been scarcely a year in London, my neighborhood was visited by Asiatic cholera. Also my congregation suffered severely. Daily I was called to sickbeds; nearly every day I stood at a grave. With youthful zeal I served the sick and hence was called upon from all sides. No wonder that I was soon worn out and fell sick myself. Then, in the providence of God, as I was returning cast down from a burial, out of curiosity I was led to read a paper fastened up at a shoemaker's window. It was no advertisement, but the words written in a firm hand: “Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.” This verse from the 91st Psalm affected me wonderfully. By faith I could make it my own, as though written for me, and felt safe and refreshed. Quiet and full of peace within, I continued my sick visits, and felt no fear, and remained unharmed by the plague.

Christians Should Judge All Doctrine.

Luther says: “If a Christian would be careful and diligent, though he had nothing but the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Words of the Lord concerning Baptism and the Sacrament of the Altar, he would be well able to defend himself and hold his own against all heresies. For the Lord commands and empowers all Christians to judge all doctrine, and to decide what is right or wrong. For you must be absolutely sure in this matter that it is the Word of God, as sure as you live, and even more. For on such ground alone your conscience must stand.”

Pray for the Missionaries.

St. Paul, the great missionary apostle, writes to his brethren at Rome: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me," Rom. 15, 30. Again he writes to the Colossians: "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds; that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak," Col. 4, 3, 4. And to the Thessalonians he writes, "Brethren, pray for us," 1 Thess. 5, 25.

From these passages we see that the great apostle heartily desired the prayer of the Christian congregations for himself and for the mission cause in which he labored. This ought to move us to pray diligently and earnestly for our missionaries, our representatives in the mission field. Pray for the missionaries and for the mission cause in which they labor!

The Comfort and Power of God's Word.

N. Selnecker, the great Lutheran divine, relates that a pious jurist, or lawyer, in his last sickness, shortly before his departure, said: "Now I see and realize how useful it is to memorize God's Word in youth. In my youth I had to learn by heart the 53d chapter of the Prophet Isaiah. For this I would now not take all the treasures of the world; for whenever I call to mind that chapter I have more help and comfort therefrom than from all other books. They all have no power and no comfort in comparison with that one chapter of Isaiah. Yea, I would forget, lose, and put away all books rather than do without that one chapter."

Unwilling Feet.

An old colored widow said to her pastor, who visited her one Sunday evening: "This morning my feet said to me, Do not go to church, you are too weak, you might fall down by the roadside. I replied, I will not listen to what you say, but to what my Lord says. The Lord says, 'Go, and I will give you strength!' Ye feet have often taken me the wrong road when I was young; ye shall no longer have your own will! I then went to church, was comforted by God's Word, and with God's help returned home safe, happy, and contented."

Christ Our King.

Already the prophets refer to the promised Messiah as the King of His people. Yes, they put especial emphasis upon this office of the Saviour. In the 2d Psalm the Father says of His Son: "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." Daniel says that there is given to Him "dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him." At the time of the Annunciation the angel said to Mary: "The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David: and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

Jesus Christ is, indeed, a King; but, of course, He is not to be compared to an earthly king, for He is the King of kings and the Lord of lords. His dominion is everlasting, and His kingdom shall never end.

Even in the days of His greatest humility He could say to Pilate, "Thou sayest it, I am a King!"

But wherein does the kingly office of Christ consist, or, which is His kingdom? Christ's kingdom is threefold: the kingdom of power, the kingdom of grace, and the kingdom of glory.

The *kingdom of power* includes the whole world, and its subjects are all creatures, the visible and invisible, the angels in heaven, all men upon earth, and even the devils in hell, in short, all that is not God Himself. Thus Christ, as the almighty King of Creation, rules over all creatures, and all things are governed by His might. Concerning this kingdom Christ Himself says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." The kings of the earth are His subjects, and the mighty forces of nature are controlled by His almighty power. He calms the waves by the power of His finger uplifted, and at His command the raging tempest must turn into a mild and balmy breeze. His voice is able to startle the shades of the grave, and He can rend the cords of death. The pillars of the earth are held in their sockets by the omnipotent right hand of Christ, and the mighty stars are directed in their course by the eternal strength of Him who is the Prince of the kings of this earth. Sitting at the right hand of God, He has the reins of Providence in His hands, and He is the supreme Umpire in all disputes, the Sovereign of heaven, hell, and earth.

Christ's *kingdom of grace* is the holy Christian Church here on earth. Its subjects are all believing Christians, all who accept Him as their Saviour and Redeemer and trust in His merits alone. It is to this kingdom of grace that Christ refers when,

in answer to Pilate's question, He says: "Thou sayest it, I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice," John 18, 37. They that are of the truth hear the King's voice; the King of grace governs His people by His voice, by means of the Word and Sacraments, and pours upon them the treasures of His grace. As a good Shepherd He cares most tenderly for His sheep, and provides them with all they need for the salvation of their souls. All He gained by His suffering and death He gives to the subjects of His kingdom of grace: forgiveness of sin, life, and salvation.

And not only does He provide for His people, He also protects them against their enemies. He protects us against the onslaughts of Satan, whose subjects we once were, and who is desirous to get us again into his power; against our own flesh, which longs to go back into the slavery of the devil; against the world, which uses all its powers to bring us back into the kingdom of darkness. Oh, how blessed are we Christians, in the possession of such a mighty King, such a meek and gracious King, who has enriched us in all things, and who protects and defends us so faithfully day after day, so that no harm can come near us!

Christ is, finally, also our *King of glory*. Referring to the kingdom of glory, the Apostle says, 2 Tim. 4, 18: "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Here upon earth we are living in a vale of tears, and heavy is the cross we often must bear. Our path is beset with thorns, and rugged is the way. But the time will come when we shall exchange the wilderness for the promised land, the cross for the crown. The wearisome journey will have ended when once we have crossed the dark waters of Jordan, when temporal death will have opened unto us the gates to heaven's bliss and glory. Then shall we be delivered from all evil and be the subjects of Christ's kingdom of glory. With all the saints in light we shall then be in the presence of our King and enjoy unspeakable pleasures at His right hand for evermore, saying, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." F. J. L.

"ONE of God's ways of helping us is to give us strength to endure. He does not take away the hard trial, but He makes us able to endure it."

Faithful.

Scuderi, a young Sicilian Catholic, used to confess to the Romish priest every week, and would do whatever the priest told him to do, in order to get forgiveness of sins and peace of conscience. But he could never feel sure of forgiveness, nor rid himself of tormenting doubts of his salvation. He learned to know a Protestant, who pointed him to the Saviour and told him of the free grace of God in Christ Jesus. Full of zeal he now read the New Testament, and soon found forgiveness of sins and the assurance of salvation by faith in Jesus.

But his new faith was soon to be put severely to the test. As Scuderi could not keep his new joy to himself, he came into conflict with those about him. His mother and his sister listened to him, and the latter openly joined the Protestants. But the father, a drunkard, raged so much the more and tried to stab his son, and did dangerously stab his daughter when she refused to stay away from the Evangelical church. In spite of all persecutions Scuderi remained faithful and is now a Bible agent bearing the message of God's love to his benighted countrymen.

A Saviour for All.

A city missionary, accompanied by a young man, visited the prisoners in a jail and preached to them. On the way home the young man said to the missionary, "I am sure you must have made an impression upon the prisoners. Such a sermon could not fail to do them good."

"Has it done you good?" asked the missionary.

"Me? Why, you preached for the prisoners!" said the young man, astonished at the question.

The missionary shook his head and said, "I preached Jesus Christ the Saviour; you have as much need of Him as they; and He is a Saviour for all sinners, whether in jail or out of jail."

Are You Not Baptized?

Luther was once visited by his dear friend, Weller.

"How are you, my friend?" asked Luther.

"O, I don't know how or why it is," answered Weller, "but I feel so depressed and so sorrowful."

"Why, are you not baptized?"

"This rejoinder of Luther," said Weller, "comforted me more than an entire sermon could have done."—*Sel.*

"Is Your Mother Still Living?"

It was Sunday morning. The bells were ringing, and the people were on their way to church. Opposite the church there was a tavern, in front of which sat a sailor, smoking his cigar and looking with contempt on the people as they entered the house of God.

An aged man with his hymn-book came towards the tavern, and the sailor looked at him with a pity-

mother, and his home, and his childhood days. Then he arose, threw away his cigar, crossed the street, and also entered the house of God.

That word "mother" had touched his heart.

Thanking God for All Things.

Said a rich man to his poor neighbor, "I hear you sing every evening, 'Now thank we all our God.' Have you so much to thank God for? You



Jacob's Dream. (Gen. 28, 12—17.)

ing smile as if he thought, "You fool, what are you going to church for!"

The old man saw and understood the contemptuous look. He stood still and said to the sailor, "Friend, will you not go along to church?"

"No!" was the sailor's rough answer.

The old man continued, "Friend, you must have seen evil days. Is your mother still living?"

The sailor stared at the stranger and was silent.

"If your mother were here," said the old man, "she no doubt would be very sad!" and having said this he crossed the street and entered the church.

The sailor sat for some time thinking of his

are a poor weaver and have a large family to support, and I am sure you must often live very poorly."

"It is true, neighbor," said the poor weaver, "but, you see, for that which we have we thank God, because, though it is little, it does us much good; and for that which we have not we also thank God, because we do not need it and can well do without it."

I WOULD not give one moment of heaven for all the joy and riches of the world, even if it lasted for thousands and thousands of years.—*Luther.*

A Worker's Prayer.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

F. R. Havergal.

The Bible in the Dugout.

A Texas ranger had ridden hard all day on the track of cattle thieves. At sunset, weary with his ride, he turned his horse toward some curling smoke, the only sign of life in that wide expanse. "Hello!" he shouted, riding presently up to the door of an uninviting dugout. "Hello yourself!" came back a gruff voice.

"Where can I get a lodging for the night?" asked the stranger.

"Forty miles ahead of ye," was the curt reply.

Tired, hungry, and not well pleased at the prospect of a forty-mile ride across the prairie, the ranger tightened his rein and turned his horse away from the dugout. But the gruff voice followed him.

"Take your critter down thar in the hollow and tether him, and come in here," it said.

The ranger did as he was told, and returned to the dugout. It was a sort of armed neutrality that prevailed there. He himself was well equipped with revolvers. Two long bowie knives dangled from the belt of his host, and a gun stood ready to his hand. They eyed each other with mutual distrust.

"What are you after 'way out here in this part o' the prairie?" questioned the host.

It occurred to the ranger that this might be one of the very men he was in search of, and the gleaming eye told that he was not a man to be trifled with. So he parried the question, explaining that he had some business among the cowboys, and to give his companion more confidence he unstrapped his revolver belt and laid it aside. Then another rough-looking fellow, loaded with knives and revolvers, entered the dugout, and with the words, "Son, this here stranger happened by just 'fore night, and I gave him welcome," was introduced to the stranger.

Father and son proceeded to prepare supper, all the time watching the stranger, who, in turn, kept his hand on a knife hidden beneath his coat. Supper over, the old man said, "Stranger, we go to bed right after supper, and before we go we always read out o' this little book. The old woman died and left us two years ago. She always read out of it. We've been powerful broke ever since she died, and we put her out yonder. When we read out o' her book it keeps us from losin' heart about her."

He took a tiny Bible from a mustard-box, and by the flickering firelight read a chapter from the old book. Under its spell the men forgot their distrust of each other.

The ranger felt that the influence of a God-fearing woman reigned in the prairie dugout, and he had no further fears for his life. He stretched himself out in trustful sleep, and without any anxiety took the rest he needed. — *Sel.*

The Farmer and the Infidel.

There is a story of an old German farmer in Pennsylvania who, meeting a young infidel that was to speak at the schoolhouse in the evening, said, "Is you de young man vhat is to shpeak dis evening?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Vell, vhat you shpeak about?"

"My subject, sir, is this: Resolved, that I will never believe anything that I do not understand."

"Oh, my! is dot it? Vell, now you shoost take von leetle example. There, you see dat field, my pasture, over dere? Now, my horse, he eat de grass, and it come up all hair over his back. Then my sheep he eats de same grass, and it grows wool all over him. And now vot you think? My goose he eats de grass too, and sure's I tell you, it come all over him feathers. You understand dot, hey?"

Herald.

News from Bethlehem Station, New Orleans, La.

The day-school connected with this station has been formed into a three-class school. The middle class, formerly the first department, is taught by the Rev. Wenzel, who is working with good success. The "little ones" keep teacher Wolf a-moving all the time, and it's a delight to observe him among his little, yet big flock. The new class, comprising the higher grades and in charge of the missionary, is domiciled in the vestry, which, for the present, has been transformed into a regular schoolroom. This room, though of fair size for its new purpose, is almost filled. The other classes, too, are receiving their share of new scholars, or of former scholars who are now reentering. During the first days of January no less than 17 were received. Both the teachers and the congregation are delighted over the prospects.

The Sunday school has been reorganized. The force of teachers at present numbers 9. The new arrangement has caused much enthusiasm among the young teachers, as well as among the scholars.

Rev. Wenzel has organized a choir among the young people confirmed in the church.

The "Willing Workers," a society which aims to aid the indigent, celebrated its first anniversary on the 20th of January.

Two of Bethlehem's young men are preparing themselves as laborers in the Lord's vineyard. They are pursuing their studies at the new college (the much-needed college building is yet to be erected) conducted at present in the vestry of St. Paul's Chapel.

At the Christmas celebration the children delighted the hearts of all attendants by their cheerful singing and excellent answers to the questions given them.

J. KOSSMANN.

Items from New Orleans.

St. Paul's School now has three teachers. The third teacher, M. L. Fuhrmann, was installed on the first Sunday in January. At the time of this writing we have over 250 pupils attending our school, and we are beginning to feel sorely the need of another building. The present school-building was built to accommodate 200 children at most, and so it must be plain that the present number of pupils cannot be properly seated. Two of the rooms are so crowded that the teachers actually have no room to place desks for their own use.

The *Mission Board* has bought two lots adjoining our St. Paul's property, intending to build a college on them, as soon as the necessary means are at hand. If, now, the friends of our Mission would come to the rescue, we could soon have a building that would serve as a college and also afford us room for one of our school-classes, thus relieving the present congestion in our school.

The pastor of St. Paul's is at present instructing such pupils as are later on to become the *students of the college* in the vestry of his church, and it is needless to say that pupils and instructor are anxiously looking forward to the time when the college will be completed. May God speed the day! L.

God Must Have the Best.

A lady missionary visiting the home of a heathen woman in India noticed that she was singularly unresponsive to the Gospel invitations. Her attention was attracted to a cradle in the room in which she found two babes. She asked the mother if she was not very happy in having two such beautiful children. "I am not happy," she said. "My god is angry with me. One of my babes is blind; and I fear if I do not do something to appease my god, he will send something worse upon me." The missionary tried to point her to the true God, but made little impression. Returning some weeks later, she went to the cradle and found only one babe in it, and that the blind one. Inquiring, she learned that the wretched mother had cast the other into the Ganges River to appease the wrath of her angry god. "If you must do such a dreadful thing," she asked, "why did you not throw the blind one in?" The mother said, "My god must have the best!"

We, as Christians, may learn from this Hindoo mother a lesson that we all need: It is that, in all things, the first and the best should be given to God.—*Ex.*

A Cheerful Giver.

Dr. Newton tells the story of a blind girl who brought to her pastor a one-pound note as her offering for foreign missions. The pastor at first refused to accept it, on the ground that it was too much for one in her condition to give. Her answer, which revealed the love that dwelt in her heart and prompted her gift, removed his hesitancy. "Please, sir," she said, "I can afford it better than the girls who can see, for they are obliged to spend money for light in the dark, long evenings; but I can make my baskets without light, and I have saved this."

A Christian Village in the New Hebrides.

The New Hebrides are a group of islands east of Australia and west of the Fiji Islands in that part of the South Pacific which is called Melanesia on account of the black complexion of the islanders. The New Hebrides are well known in the history of missions, because of the number of missionary martyrs who have there shed their blood, and of the fierceness which still makes every missionary take his life in his hands as he goes to his daily work. The best-known of the New Hebrides missionaries is Dr. John Gibson Paton, who began the work there in 1858 and is still occupied with it with his whole soul and body. He himself said of this field: "The cruel, treacherous, and savage characteristics of the people, who believe that strangers are the cause of storms, disease, and death, the exigencies of the climate, and the utter remoteness from the world's traffic, unite to make the Hebrides one of the most dangerous of all mission fields."

And yet Dr. Paton is still there, bent upon making his islands "lighthouses of the Southern Pacific." What the Gospel he preaches has brought about is shown by the following extract from a recent letter of his:—

"The converts at the mission station in Malakula have built a Christian village in which they live. All are clothed (the heathen go about without any clothing). They begin and close every day with praise and prayer, and are very happy with each other, giving a daily object lesson to the heathen of the joy and peace of Christianity. To their village they welcome all new converts, teach them, and help to protect them; and if they resolve to live there, all unite and assist in building a new house for them after a given plan on straight streets running parallel with each other, and with streets at right angles. All houses are built on strong wood foundations, wattled, and plastered with lime, and whitewashed. The cottages are neat, and are all kept clean—a great contrast to the heathen villages. The village is on a healthy site, bought for the purpose, near the mission house, so that they may have the help and advice of the missionary in all difficulties raised by the heathen, and may also help the missionary in his work, and receive his constant teaching and care."—*Ex.*

Trust in the Word.

The life that the Christian lives is, of necessity, a life of faith in what the Bible reveals. Amid the dark experiences of life, when riches take their flight;

when poverty absorbs the sap of life; when loved ones leave us their empty chairs; when sickness brings us near to death; when evil triumphs over us and laughs, and what is right and good and pure is trampled in the dust—reason fails to see how all these things can work together for our good. The Christian can only lay his hand on the Bible and, with eyes uplifted to God, whom it reveals, exclaim, "Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—*Sel.*

"Speak not evil one of another." James 4, 11.

One who was given to scandal was commanded by his king to take a bag of feathers on a windy day and scatter them through the city. Returning to tell of the completion of his task, the king now said, "Go and gather up all the feathers which you have scattered."

"That were impossible!" he replied.

"So it is impossible to undo the evil you have done by your tongue."

Acknowledgment.

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St. Louis, Jan. 16, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 3.

The Precious Blood.

Lord Jesus Christ! Thy precious blood
Is to my soul the highest good:
Of all my sins a perfect cure,
It quickens me and makes me pure.

Thy blood, my spotless, glorious dress—
Thy innocence my righteousness:
Before my God I pardoned stand
And enter, crowned, the heavenly land.

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God!
My Throne of Grace, my Staff and Rod!
Thy precious blood, Thy quick'ning power
My spirit strengthen every hour.

And should I draw my dying breath
In fear of Satan, hell, and death—
O Christ! let this my comfort be:
Thy blood from sin hath made me free!

Selected.

The Precious Blood of Christ.

The season of Lent, in which we meditate upon the sufferings and death of our Saviour, reminds us of the precious blood of Christ as the price of our redemption. The apostle says, "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot," 1 Pet. 1, 18, 19.

To redeem means to buy back. By the fall of man the whole human race was sold into the slavery and bondage of sin and Satan. Christ came to redeem us, to buy us back out of that slavery and bondage. The price He paid for our redemption was not silver and gold. Such corruptible things could not redeem the immortal souls of men. The price which Christ paid for our redemption was His own blood. Nothing less would do. "Without

shedding of blood is no remission." Nothing more was required. For Christ's blood is precious and fully sufficient for our redemption.

It is precious because it is the blood of an innocent Person, the blood "of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." We are sinners and every drop of our blood is poisoned with sin; but Christ is holy and His blood is holy, not stained by sin. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." The blood which Judas betrayed was "innocent blood." Pilate, before whom Christ was accused by His enemies, said again and again, "I find no fault in Him." He was the Holy One in whom the Father was well pleased. He, the Holy One, took the place of guilty sinners, and in His innocent sufferings and death gave His holy blood for their redemption.

Precious blood of Christ! Precious, not only because it is the blood of an innocent Person; but, above all, because it is the blood of an infinite Person. It is the blood of God's Son. Therefore it is called God's blood in Acts 20, 28, where we are told that God purchased His Church "with His own blood." And St. John tells us that the blood which cleanses us from all sin is the blood of God's Son, 1 John 1, 8.

Precious blood of Christ! Nothing can be more precious. It is the blood of God's own Son, the blood of the everlasting God. There can be no doubt whatever that this precious blood is an all-sufficient price for our redemption. In Christ "we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins," says the apostle. The redemption of sinners is not a doubtful hope. No. It is a fact, and it remains a fact in spite of the unbelief of many. By their unbelief they reject their redemption and count the blood of Christ an unholy thing. "They

deny the Lord that *bought them*" with His own precious blood, "and bring upon themselves swift destruction," 2 Pet. 2, 1.

All, however, that trust in the blood of Christ for salvation enjoy the redemption of sinners. They are cleansed from all sin by the blood of God's Son. In Christ Jesus they are "made nigh by the blood of Christ" and are "now justified by His blood and shall be saved from wrath through Him."

The precious blood of Christ! In it we have the forgiveness of sins ("my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins," Matt. 26, 28); in it we have peace with God ("having made peace through the blood of His cross," Col. 1, 20); in it we have the victory over Satan ("they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb," Rev. 12, 11); in it we have access into the presence of God with perfect confidence ("having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," Hebr. 10, 19).

The precious blood of Christ! It is the song of God's children here on earth, not only in the season of Lent, but during all the time of their pilgrimage; and it is still their song of triumph and of joy as they enter the heavenly gates and join the throng of those that have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The saints in heaven make the blood of Christ the joyful theme of their song of praise, singing before the throne of the Lamb: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," Rev. 5, 9.

Willing to Save.

Christ is able and also willing to save to the uttermost. Do you doubt His willingness? Remember the dying thief, nailed to the cross! His feet, while he had the use of them, had trodden the highway of sin; his hands, while he had the use of them, had been stretched forth in deeds of violence; a moment before, he had joined with the rest in their bitter revilings against Jesus, yet, through the grace and mercy of God, the light of the truth entered his wretched heart, in his dying hour. He took the place of an undone sinner and turned to the Saviour with the prayer of faith, "Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And this appeal of the wretched sinner was instantly answered by the unspeakably gracious reply, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." What a gracious Saviour! How willing and how quick to save, even in the midst of His own great agony!

Such is still His willingness to save, even the greatest of sinners. He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." His invitation still comes to sinners in the Gospel: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And His gracious promise still is: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"Did He ever turn any away —
The sick or the sad?
The same mighty Saviour to-day
Will make thy heart glad.
Who comes to Him is not cast out,
But instantly blest.
Why trouble thyself with a doubt?
He gives thee His rest."

"I Have the Peace."

A young lady was dying, and one Scripture passage that had come to her when in health came to her at this time. It was the passage from the fifty-third chapter of the Prophet Isaiah: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." She fully rested for salvation in Him of whom the prophet speaks.

A friend said to her one day, "You suffer much, I fear."

"Yes," she said; "but"—pointing to her hand—"there is no nail there. He had the nails, I have the peace."

Laying her hand on her brow, she said, "There are no thorns here. He had the thorns, I have the peace."

Touching her side, she said, "There is no spear here. He had the spear, I have the peace."

Foolishness to Them that Perish.

Said an infidel to a Christian, "How can I believe that through the blood of the crucified Christ man may obtain forgiveness of sins? Isn't that foolishness?"

"Certainly!" replied the Christian. "That is what also St. Paul calls it."

"You are joking," said the infidel; "the Apostle Paul and I surely do not agree."

"Just read this," said the Christian, pointing the infidel to 1 Cor. 1, 18 in his Bible: "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness."

The infidel read the passage and grew silent. Later on he began to read the Bible in earnest, and soon the preaching of the cross was no longer foolishness to him, but the power of God unto salvation.

The State of Humiliation.

Christ Jesus, the God-man, took upon Himself a threefold office for our salvation. He is our Prophet, Priest, and King. In the performance of this threefold office we distinguish two states, the State of Humiliation and the State of Exaltation. In the State of Humiliation Christ, according to His human nature, did not always and not fully use the divine majesty communicated to His human nature. This state extends from His conception to His burial and comprises five steps or stages, His conception, birth, suffering and crucifixion, death, and burial.

Christ was, indeed, also in the days of His humiliation, the very God, the equal of His Father in glory and majesty; He was omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. But He, "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," Phil. 2, 5-8.

That Christ was invested with divine majesty even in His days of deepest humiliation becomes plain to every observant reader of the Gospels. But this majesty He usually kept hidden; He, "though in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God," that is, though the equal of His Father in glory and majesty, He made no display of His glory, nor did He boast of His majesty. Making Himself of no reputation, He took upon Himself the form of a servant. He became the lowliest of the lowly; He, the Lord, put Himself under the Law, and became obedient unto death, dying the death of a malefactor on the cross.

Nevertheless, now and then, rays of Christ's hidden glory dazzled the eyes of men; here and there this glory, as it were, broke through the clouds of humility. Already in the night when He was born the glory of heaven burst forth to illumine the plains of Bethlehem. John testifies that the disciples "beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-Begotten of the Father." His many miracles and His transfiguration were so many rays of His divine glory, which was only hidden in the days of humiliation.

Our Second Article describes Christ's State of Humiliation with the words: "Conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried."

Concerning Christ's *conception* we read, Luke 1, 35: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Jesus' conception was holy and pure. We must all confess: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," but Christ was conceived by the Holy Ghost and was born of a chaste virgin. The Virgin Mary, though the mother of Jesus, remained a virgin. Christ's *birth* was sinless, but lowly and poor. A stable became His first home upon earth, swaddling clothes covered His nakedness, and a manger was His couch. Here was lowliness and poverty, indeed. And why did Christ thus humble Himself? To save us from our sinful conception and birth, to prove Himself the Saviour of even the smallest and weakest of men.

Christ's whole life here upon earth was a life of privation, of suffering; from His cradle on He, as it were, walked in the shadow of the cross; from His childhood days He was the object of persecution and contempt; but the climax of His *suffering* was reached during His last hours upon earth. In Gethsemane He must suffer anguish unspeakable; in the high priest's palace He is cursed, mocked, and spit upon; in the judgment hall of Pilate He is scourged and crowned with thorns. The death sentence pronounced by the high council of His own people is affirmed by the heathen governor. He is condemned to die, condemned to die a malefactor's death, condemned to die on the cursed wood of the cross. Who can ever describe the agony of these last hours of our Saviour's life! What human mind can ever fully realize the anguish that tore our Saviour's heart, from the time He said in the garden, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," until He bowed His head in *death*! What humiliation we behold here on the part of God's only Son!

After death His sacred body was laid in the tomb of Joseph, and lay there till the third day, however, without seeing corruption, Ps. 16, 10.

F. J. L.

Live for Your Faith.

A gentleman recently said that he was so well grounded in his Christian belief that he would die for it if necessary.

"That is very good," was the reply, "but just now and in this country there is more call for people who will live for their faith, and pray and work and give for its spread throughout the land."



GETHSEMANE.

"In the still garden, dark and lone,
See Him in pray'r—the Sinless One.
His lov'd disciples sadly sleep;
The Lord, alone, a watch doth keep.

"Soon comes the hour of cruel pain;
Soon must the Lamb of God be slain;
Look how He pleads new strength and pow'r,
To bear alone dark Calv'ry's hour.

"Within the garden still and lone,
Ere yet the midnight watch is done,
Hark to the sound of angel wings
For One from Heav'n sweet comfort brings.

"Hark to the clamor of the crowd!
Hark to those voices strange and loud!
They bear Him to the Cross of pain,
And lo! for us the Lord is slain!

"O Lamb of God! O Sinless One!
Such love as Thine was never known;
O Love divine that suffered so—
That bore for us such weight of woe!"

Two Good Fridays.

I.

It was Good Friday morning. The bells of the Lutheran church in a German village were ringing and calling the people to the services in God's house. The congregation was already assembled, when a Roman Catholic entered the church. He had some time ago come to the Lutheran village and found work. Although he strictly lived according to the instructions of the Romish church, he was restless and could find no peace for his soul. Upon the advice of a Lutheran neighbor he began to read the Bible and soon saw that what he had been taught by Romish priests was contrary to the teachings of God's Word. On that Good Friday morning he had read the words of St. Paul: "There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all," 1 Tim. 2, 5. 6. These words arrested his attention. He said to himself, "So my own righteousness, of which I was so proud, and the Virgin Mary and the saints, to whom I have prayed, cannot save me; here it is plainly written that there is but one Mediator, Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all." He sighed to God, "Lord, show me Thy truth!" And as he thus prayed, he heard the ringing of the church bells. He left his home, walked down the village street, and soon entered the Lutheran church.

When he entered, the congregation had just begun singing the hymn, "O bleeding Head and wounded, And full of pain and scorn." The hymn, which was not quite unknown to him, made a deep impression upon him that morning. It called to his mind the cross on Calvary, and the only Mediator, nailed to that accursed tree, forsaken by God, and in bitter sufferings and great agony giving Himself a ransom for sinners. The congregation sang:

My burden, in Thy Passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression
Which brought this woe on Thee.

As our friend listened, it seemed to him as if the Saviour, in His crown of thorns, said to him, "I was wounded for *your* transgressions, I was bruised for *your* iniquities; the chastisement of *your* peace was upon me, and with my stripes you are healed. Do you still want to be saved by your own righteousness?" His heart was won by the love of the crucified Saviour, and it cried out, "No,

no, my dear Lord Jesus; not saved by my own righteousness, but by Thee; Thou art my righteousness and my salvation;" and with tears he joined the congregation in singing:

I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
Have mercy, I implore Thee,
Redeemer, spurn me not!

With a glad and thankful heart he listened to the sermon, which followed the hymn, and which presented Christ as the only Mediator, who was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Later on, he sought further instruction from the pastor, and soon became a member of the Lutheran church.

II.

Years have passed by. It is again Good Friday, and we find our friend on his dying bed. He has grown old since that first Good Friday, and has passed through many troubles and tribulations, but he remained faithful to his Saviour. His trials only served to strengthen his faith, to increase his love, and to brighten his hope. He is glad that the time of his departure is at hand; the doctor has told him that he has only a few hours to live. He is done with this world and is thinking of heaven only. Upon his request his loved ones sing his favorite hymn, "O bleeding Head, and wounded." With a happy smile he listens, and soon his lips begin to move and he whispers, "Jesus, the only Mediator, my Lord and my God."

When they began the last verse, "Be Thou my Consolation And Shield when I must die," he, with a last effort, raised himself in his bed and prayed:

Yea, Jesus' blood and righteousness
My jewels are, my glorious dress,
Wherein before my God I stand
When I shall reach the heavenly land.

He then fell back upon his pillow, and while his eyelids closed in death and his soul went home to be with Jesus, his loved ones sang,

Who dieth thus, dies well!

For him the two Good Fridays were indeed *good* Fridays. On the first, he was brought to believe in Jesus; and on the second, he was taken to see Him in whom he believed and whom his soul loved.

Giving and Praying.

Two Christian farmers in Scotland met one day at market, and were soon engaged in a conversation upon church matters. Referring to a certain

mission fund, A— asked B— what he was doing for it. B— replied that he was always careful to note the day when the collector would come around, that he kept his contribution in readiness, so that, if he should not be at home himself, his wife or one of the children might pay it.

"Very good," remarked A—, "but is that all you do?"

"What more should I do?" asked B—, "do you do more than that?"

A— replied: "No, I do just as you do; but when I lay the money aside I kneel down and thank God for the church in which I enjoy the means of grace, for our pastors who do so much for us. I thank Him also that He has made me willing to bring this offering for His glory, and pray Him graciously to accept it and let His blessing rest upon it. I never want to give the collector an offering that I have not first given unto the Lord."

Three months later these farmers met again, and it was not long before B— began to relate his experience:

"I tried to follow your example in regard to my contribution to the mission fund. When I had the money ready I knelt down to pray. But I could not pray. I felt that my offering was far too small in proportion to the means which the Lord had given me, and much too small also in view of the blessings that I enjoy in church. So I arose, thought the matter over, and 'doubled' my contribution. Then I was enabled to pray. And when the collector came and I handed him the money, it was done with ten times more joyfulness than ever before; I thank you most heartily for your good advice and example."

Dear reader, go thou and do likewise.

Not Afraid.

"Afraid of meeting my Saviour?" exclaimed a poor old dying man in a workhouse infirmary to his nurse, "nay, nay; old William Jones has walked along with his Saviour too many years to be afraid of Him now. When I was eighteen I said to Him, 'Lord, I'm only a poor ignorant farm lad, and I'm a bad sinner; but do please to honor Thy Word, and save me; and what's more, please keep me all along, or I shall never get safe to heaven.' And I bless Him, that is just what He has done these sixty-one years, and now He's calling me up to Him."

THE Christian bears the cross for a moment; the promise is that he shall wear a crown forever. — *Sel.*

We Will Not Despair.

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate Thy way,
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away—
Have mercy on us!

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease.
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away—
Give us Thy peace!

Adelaide Proctor.

The Foretaste of Everlasting Life.

In the year 1622, a fierce persecution arose in Japan against the Christian religion and its confessors. In the town of Firando, thirty-seven were executed, among whom was a little boy between six and seven years of age, who hastened to death with such manifestations of joy, and singing Christian psalms in the Japanese language, as to cause unbounded wonder at this firmness in one so tender in years.

In the year 1627, on the 8th of February, in a hamlet near the city of Nagasaki, twelve persons were seized and violently martyred, having been burned in different parts of their bodies with red-hot iron, and afterwards beaten to death. What was most remarkable in this execution was that a six-year old child stood these tests of faith with unwavering firmness.

In 1651, in the town of Diarbekr, in Mesopotamia, an Armenian Christian child of ten or twelve years, on an unjust charge, was flayed alive by the Turks. On the first day the skin was removed from half of the back, and he was permitted in this condition to pass the night, that they might resume the work on the following day, and continue the poor child's torture the longer. In the meantime, the Mohammedans endeavored to persuade the boy that, by the acceptance of their faith, he might escape martyrdom. His mother also came to her poor son, and besought him, with many tears, by means of the confession of the doctrine of the Turks, to save his life. Yet no entreaties could cause his firmness to waver, but he said with great boldness

that thus far he had willingly suffered all this pain, that he was ready also to suffer more, and that all this did not give him so much trouble, as that his own mother should tempt him to deny his Saviour. All that followed he suffered with great patience, until the Pasha of the place, moved with pity, cut off his head, and thus freed him from all suffering.

I maintain that no one can deny that the firmness of such weak and tender children, under such fearful ordeals, and the sweet joy which they found in bitter death, cannot be explained otherwise than by a power from on high, and a supernatural confidence, which is properly to be called a *foretaste of everlasting life*.—*Christian Scriver*.

"Thy Mercies Have no Date."

When you write a letter you put a date to it, which shows the day and month and year when it was written. If you know the date of a man's birth and the date of his death, you can take the one from the other, and then you can tell exactly how long he lived in this world of ours.

But God's mercies "have no date." You cannot fix a time when they began, for they are "from everlasting." You cannot fix a time when they will end, for they are "to everlasting."

They are like God Himself, "from everlasting to everlasting." He was a God of love in all eternity past, and He will be a God of love throughout all eternity to come.

Have you any share in His mercy? Then you may rejoice and give thanks, because His mercy endureth forever.

Why He Believed in the Bible.

A scoffer asked a Christian: "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Most certainly I do," promptly came the reply. "Why do you believe in it?" said the former. "Because I am acquainted with its Author." This simple testimony of the believer so perplexed the other that he turned away without another word.

God's Promise.

The Lord does not promise His children that they shall be without trial and tribulation; quite the opposite: He tells them they shall have to meet both the one and the other; but He promises to be with His people in trial and tribulations, and this is infinitely better.—*Selected*.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

HIGHER CRITICISM.—A reader of the PIONEER in one of our large cities writes: "Some of my English neighbors speak very highly of what they call higher criticism. . . . But does not higher criticism deny the inspiration of the Bible?" Yes, higher criticism denies that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and that the "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Higher criticism treats the Bible, not as the infallible Word of God, but as the fallible word of man. The higher critics look upon the Bible as a human book full of errors and mistakes, which they consider their business to find out. They do not always agree among themselves, and by the time they are through with their infidel work the Bible is torn to pieces, and we have nothing left but the covers. Higher criticism is destructive criticism. Its aim is to destroy the foundation upon which all Christian doctrine and all our comfort rest, and "if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Ps. 11, 3. Therefore, beware of higher criticism, no matter how highly others speak of it, who have been misled by sectarian preachers.

A HIGHER CRITIC.—Down in North Carolina we heard of a Bible agent who traveled through several counties, selling Bibles and other religious books. Coming one day to a small plantation, he left his wagon on the road with one of the Bibles on the seat and entered the farmhouse. A mule, lazily strolling down the road, soon spied the book on the wagon seat, took it between his teeth, dragged it down, and tore it to pieces, so that the agent found nothing left but the covers of the book. That North Carolina mule was a higher critic.

HIGHER CRITICISM IN THE MISSION FIELD.—The higher criticism has entered, not only thousands of sectarian pulpits and Sunday schools in Christian lands, but also the mission field in heathen countries. In a Report from India we read that "a missionary conference was recently held in Calcutta at which the native Christians were informed that there were mistakes in the Bible, and that it was not the absolutely reliable Word of God which the earlier missionaries had declared it to be." At such infidel teachings of so-called Christian missionaries the devil rejoices, and the enemies of Christ are jubilant. A Mohammedan expresses his joy as follows in an East India paper: "Thus has the Bible been swept away as a straw before the mighty current of modern criticism, and such was the fate it

deserved. It is not the unmixed Word of God, it is not unerring. Such is the modern Christian faith, and we are glad to see that even the Christian missionaries have recognized the truth of those views. What is not itself free from error cannot free others. . . . But if the Bible is erroneous in certain parts, while other parts of it contain some truth, what tests do the Christians have in their hands for distinguishing truth from error? If it is reason, then the Christian faith must openly avow itself to be based on reason and not on revelation. But if their test is revelation, surely some pure and trustworthy revelation free from error is required to sift the truth from the falsehood contained in the Bible. This revelation is found in the holy Koran. We are glad to see that the view which the holy Koran took of the Bible has at last been admitted by even the missionaries. The truth of the higher criticism and the error of the Bible being once recognized, it is difficult to see how the Christian religion can stand for one moment."

At such reading the hearts of God's children are filled with sorrow, and they are moved to pray God earnestly to stay the course of this modern infidelity, called higher criticism.

MISSION IN CHINA.—The China Inland Mission began mission work in China thirty-eight years ago, and has now 800 missionaries working in the interior of that large heathen land. At a recent large missionary gathering in Boston one of the missionaries said: Everything has come to this great work through prayer. It has always been the custom of this mission not to appeal for funds, never to advertise its needs, and to keep no subscription list. The income for the mission amounts to \$360,000 a year, and there is no knowing where most of it comes from. The need of men is more important than money, men that will lay down their very lives for the saving of souls. All the workers of the China Inland Mission live and dress as the natives do. There are now 277 organized stations in the interior, with a record of 15,000 converts. The average number of persons baptized each year is between 1200 and 1300.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.—The same speaker related several stories to show what little value the heathen Chinese place upon the lives of their countrymen. The speaker stated that it was not unusual for a man to drown in the sight of Chinese, and without the least effort being made to save him. What cruelty! "But," added the missionary, "isn't it less cruel to let a man drown who can easily be

saved than to let millions of our fellow men go out into the darkness with no hope for their souls, whilst we can easily send them the light of the Gospel?"

SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD.—A woman who was known to be very poor came to a missionary meeting and offered to subscribe one cent a week to the mission fund. "Surely," said a friend, "you are too poor to afford this." She replied, "I sew so many balls of carpet rags a week for my living, and I'll sew one ball more, and that will be the cent a week for the mission society."

Echoes from Our Mission Fields.

Rev. Thalley, of Springfield, Ill., with the assistance of a colored student has begun work in St. Louis, Mo. He reports favorable progress. The Mission is looking for suitable quarters and expects to be located in the near future.

Missionary J. C. Schmidt is teaching a large school at Greensboro, N. C., and recently baptized eleven children as the fruit of his labors.

Missionary D. H. Schooff was directed to go to Baltimore, Md., and Yonkers, N. Y., to survey the territory with a view to starting missions at those places.

Never have the day schools in our stations at New Orleans been in a more flourishing condition. Room is sorely needed to place the pupils, and the spirit of Christian enthusiasm has been poured upon the workers, all busy sowing the good seed of the Word upon the hearts of the young. So heart-cheering are the returns from the various posts that a long-time member of the Board remarked on adjournment, "It has been a good while since we have returned home so early and so encouraged."

CORRESPONDENT.

The Converted Indian.

An Indian, named Shucca, who had been exceedingly wicked, came under the influence of the Gospel, and was converted. Henceforth he was completely changed. Instead of setting up the savage yell and drunken song, he lisped the name of his Saviour, whom it was his pleasure to serve. God and God's Word were his greatest delight. On Saturday morning he would rise earlier than on other days to finish his work, that nothing might prevent him from attending church on Sunday; nor was he ever absent from services, except from real necessity.

That We May Look Upward.

During Dr. Payson's last illness a friend, coming into his room, remarked sympathetically, "Well, Doctor, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

"Do you know why God puts us on our backs, at times?" said Dr. Payson, smiling.

"No," was the answer.

"In order that we may look upward."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

SYNODAL-BERICHT DES NEBRASKA-DISTRICTS. A. D. 1903. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cts.

Besides interesting reports from the home mission fields in Nebraska, this pamphlet contains a highly instructive doctrinal paper by Prof. A. Graebner, D. D., on Church Life in the Apostolic Times—a paper which presents many wholesome lessons for the congregations of our day.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE AGES. By Dr. Cameron, Boston, Mass.

Since the doctrine of the Chiliasts is not a Bible doctrine, this is a good booklet to be left alone.

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. C. Schmidt from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., \$24.00; of Rev. K. Kretzschmar from Mount Zion Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. M. Weinholt from St. Paul's Church in Mansura, La., 10.00; of Rev. L. E. Thalley from Holy Trinity Church in Springfield, Ill., 6.25.

St. Louis, Febr. 17, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., April, 1904.

No. 4.

Easter Morn.

This holy morn, so fair and bright,
Shall hear our praises swell;
For oh, what joy prevails on earth,
What wild despair in hell.

In vain they sealed His sepulcher,
And watched around His tomb;
The Lord hath gained the victory,
And death is overcome.

Then calm your grief, dismiss your fears,
Let no more tears be shed;
The mighty Vanquisher of death
Is risen from the dead. *From the Latin.*

The Easter Victory.

The Easter victory is our Saviour's victory, and therefore "the voice of rejoicing is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous" at Easter time. To redeem us from the power of sin, and death, and the devil, our Saviour went forth alone and single-handed to fight the battle with these our enemies. In that tremendous conflict, at which the inhabitants of hell and heaven gazed with amazement, He was our representative. If He lost the battle, the loss would be ours; and if He gained, the gain would be ours.

When Christ died upon the cross and was laid into the grave, our enemies rejoiced; for they thought that the victory was theirs and that we were their own forever. But they were mistaken. On the third day Christ rose triumphantly from the grave as the mighty Conqueror over sin, death, and the devil. The victory was His, and His victory is our victory. This is the ground of our Easter joy. In our risen Saviour we have the vic-

tory over all our enemies. In Him we have redemption from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil. Therefore we rejoice in the happy Easter time and give thanks unto God who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Finished is the battle now:
The crown is on the Victor's brow!
Thence with sadness!
Sing with gladness,
Hallelujah!"

The Appointment Met.

In the ninth chapter of Hebrews we read: "Once in the end of the world hath He (Christ) appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; and as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin, unto salvation."

Appointed to die and after death the judgment! What an awful appointment! What caused this appointment? Sin! "The soul that sinneth it shall die." What a terrible thing sin is! It brought death into the world and all our woe. Because of sin it was appointed unto men to die and to pass through death before the judgment seat of the just and holy God, who hates sin and must punish sin and must sentence to everlasting damnation all that appear before Him in their sins. What an awful appointment brought on by sin! To die, and after this the judgment! And to this all men were appointed, because "all have sinned."

Is there no help for sinners? Yes. There is One who took the sinner's place and met that ap-

pointment in the sinner's stead, that the sinner might be free. Christ, the Son of God, came in the flesh to put away sin, the cause of all our woe, by the sacrifice of Himself. He is "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "The Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all," and He bore our sins in His own body on the cross. The sin-hating God there met His sin-bearing Son and passed upon Him the judgment which our sins deserved. "He is guilty of death!" This was the sentence of even God Himself when He saw His Son laden with the sins of the world. Christ tasted death for us, and bore the judgment for us. Forsaken by God He hung upon the cross, suffering in our place the bitter agony of death and the pains and terrors of hell. For us He bowed His head in death and was laid into the grave.

The work was finished. The appointment was met. There can be no doubt about this. For Christ did not remain in the grave. On the third day He rose triumphantly from the grave. By raising Christ from the dead, God Himself declared that He is perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son, and that the appointment has been fully met.

The question, dear reader, now is: Are *you* satisfied? Alas! there are many that are not satisfied. They reject Christ and His work. They therefore remain in their sins and must themselves meet that awful appointment: "To die, and after this the judgment!" Rejecting what the Saviour did for them, they must themselves suffer the punishment of their sins in hell, where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

Are *you* satisfied with what Christ did for all sinners? Believe in Him and you will enjoy all the fruits of His finished work. By faith in Jesus the believer knows that his sins are put away, that the appointment has been met, and that he need not fear death and the judgment. To the believer death is not the door to judgment and to everlasting punishment, but the entrance to everlasting life. The Saviour Himself says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my Word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life," John 5, 24.

Looking back to the cross, the believer sees the judgment which he by his sins deserved passed upon the head of Christ, and now he may sing with joy:

"Hallelujah!—'tis done!
I believe in the Son!
I am saved by the blood
Of the Crucified One."

Looking back to the empty grave, from which Christ rose as the Conqueror of sin, death, and hell, the believer may triumphantly sing:

"Since Christ is free, now I am free
From all unrighteousness;
Since He is just, now I am just,
He is my righteousness."

Being now justified by faith in Him who has finished the work of redemption, the believer has peace with God and is free to look with joyful expectation for the Saviour, who is to return from heaven to receive His people to Himself in the happy place where He has gone.

A Compassionate Saviour.

Jesus is a compassionate Saviour. We read again and again that He had compassion on those who were in distress and sorrow. He is the good Samaritan who came where the wounded traveler was; and "when He saw him, He had compassion," Luke 10, 33.

He had compassion on the weary and forsaken. "When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd," Matt. 9, 36.

He had compassion on the lonely and unclean outcast. "There came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, and kneeling down to Him, and saying unto Him, If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean," Mark 1, 40, 41.

He had compassion on the blind. "Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes; and immediately their eyes received sight," Matt. 20, 34.

He had compassion on the sick. He "was moved with compassion towards them, and He healed their sick," Matt. 14, 14.

He had compassion on those who mourned over their dead. "When He was come nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people was with her. And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not," Luke 7, 12, 13.

Blessed Saviour! He wept at the grave of Lazarus, and He knows how to sympathize with those who weep beside the graves of loved ones. He knows how to sympathize with all His people who have trouble of any kind, and will meet their complaints with infinite tenderness. In their greatest

sorrow they know there is one heart that feels with them and has compassion on them. It is the heart of Jesus. "We have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," Hebr. 4, 15. 16.

"Where Are Your Sins?"

A young girl came to see her pastor in regard to the welfare of her soul.

"I am trying to be saved," she sadly said, "but find no rest."

"How are you trying?" asked the pastor.

"I am praying, and going to church and striving to keep the Commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully answered.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out, as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"Oh, I believe," she quickly said.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not there to see Him die."

"I know it, because God says so in His Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in His Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct, for God says over and over again that He died for our sins. Your sins were upon Him, therefore, when He was nailed to the cross, were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is in heaven."

"You are right again, for God so tells us in His Word. Are your sins upon Him now?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon Him once when He was nailed to the cross, and to-day He is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments in deep thought, and then raising her eyes, a peaceful smile played over her face, as she said, "They must be in the grave."

She henceforth had rest and peace, not by trying to be saved, but by trusting for salvation in the finished work of Christ, who bore our sins in His sufferings and death and burial, and who left our sins in the grave when He rose triumphantly from the dead. Those who believe in Him know that their sins are put away. They have peace and salvation, and may sing with rapture—

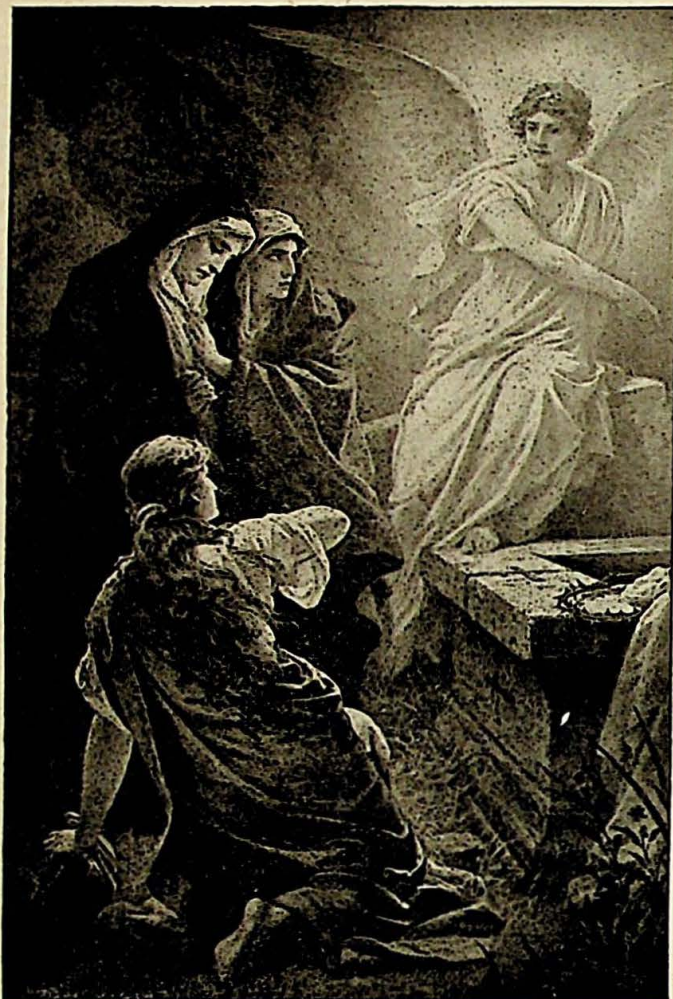
"'Tis finished all: our souls to win,
His life the blessed Jesus gave;
Then, rising, He left all our sin
Behind Him in His op'ning grave."

Easter Comfort.

Many years ago a German nobleman traveled in the Turkish empire during the Easter season. Near a Turkish city he saw a man drawing a plow in the field and heard him sing with a loud voice Luther's Easter hymn: "Christ is risen." He rode up to the man and asked him who he was and whence he came. The man replied that he was a German Christian and had been captured by his Turkish master, in whose service he was compelled to work like a slave. He knew, he said, that in this life there was no hope of liberty for him. So he was patient and contented, and remembering that this was the season in which the joyful Easter festival was celebrated in his German home, he had begun to sing the beautiful Easter hymns, which he still retained in his memory from his boyhood days, and which filled his heart with sweet Easter comfort.

God Hears Prayer.

Missionary Hahn, after years of labor among the heathen, was visited with severe sickness, and a fellow missionary waited at his bedside, hourly expecting his death. The heathen converts to whom Hahn had been preaching about Christ dearly loved their pastor, and when they heard of his illness, they thought it their duty to do something for him that he might be restored to health. And what do you think they did? They met and prayed earnestly to God to spare the life of their beloved missionary. And they had no doubt but that their prayers would be answered. They arranged their pastor's room for him, as he was taken sick away from home, and proceeded just as though they were sure that God would do as they asked. And it was so. The sick man began to mend, and was soon at work again. His life was spared for many years.



EASTER.

"Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
'He lives who once was slain;
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said,
'That He would rise again.'
The First-begotten from the dead
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King."

Whom Did Christ Redeem?

Christ humbled Himself and became obedient unto death upon the cross. And the purpose of this humiliation was our redemption. By His humiliation Christ has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all

sins, from death, and from the power of the devil. Christ's humiliation was for our benefit, its purpose was the redemption of us lost and condemned creatures.

In the Bible we are compared to a lost sheep. Of all creatures a lost sheep is the most defenseless and helpless. Having left its defender, it would be torn to pieces in an instant, if a prowling wolf should spy it out, or a lion or a bear should come across its track. And so also a sheep is of all creatures the most senseless. A stray horse may find his way back home and a lost dog may return, but a lost sheep will never find its way back. A sheep is too foolish ever to think of returning to the place of safety. Of all wretched creatures a lost sheep is surely the most wretched. When a sheep has gone astray, it is vain to hope for its return; if it is again to enjoy the safety of the fold and the plenty of the pasture, the shepherd must seek it and bring it back.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we are like lost sheep—defenseless, helpless, senseless, wretched. Our lost condition is as hopeless as that of a lost sheep. We have strayed away from God, we have become hopelessly entangled in the mazes of sin. There is no possibility of our ever finding back home. We are lost—lost to hope; we have strayed away from God into the wilderness and have become the easy prey of the hellish wolf.

And we are *condemned* creatures. By Adam's sin judgment to condemnation has come upon all men, Rom. 5, 18. God had said to our first parent, "The day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," and no sooner did Adam and Eve sin than this judgment was executed; the condemnation of death was pronounced upon all men. All men by nature are accursed. Their life here upon earth is a life of separation from God, the Source of Life. They are spiritually dead, and their days are passed away in God's wrath. Their whole life is but an awful awaiting of the hour of temporal death and the day of final judgment to eternal death and damnation. By sin man has become a prey to the implacable and unmitigated severity and justice of an angry God.

Such lost and condemned creatures are we by nature; such creatures Christ has humbled Himself to redeem. When about to enter upon His public ministry John the Baptist, pointing Him out to the people, declared, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He is the Paschal Lamb, appointed by God, and all our

sins being laid on Him, He has made full atonement for them all. "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," 1 John 2, 2. Our sins must be punished, divine justice demands it. Christ bore the punishment, and the vials of God's wrath were poured out upon Him. Yes, even the sins of those who refuse to acknowledge Him as their Saviour did Christ atone for. He paid the price of redemption even for those who deny Him, 2 Pet. 2, 1. If any man does not enter heaven, it is not because it is not open for him, but because he will not enter.

All men are lost, but "the Son of man is come to save that which was lost," Matt. 18, 11. Here is not a soul which Christ has not redeemed. His purpose in coming was to redeem every lost soul, and He has fulfilled His purpose. When He died upon the cross He had finished His work of redemption, He had paid the full ransom for our souls.

And now one more thought. He has borne all men's sins, therefore He has also borne *mine*, He has also saved *me* lost and condemned creature.

*My sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load:
My ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.*

F. J. L.

"I Belong to Death's Master."

A Christian woman was dying of internal cancer. She was attended by a Roman Catholic nurse, who was very much astonished at the calm patience and peace of the poor sufferer. A friend one day called to see her. The door was opened by the nurse.

"How is Mrs. — to-day?" inquired the friend.

"She is very ill, sir," was the reply. The nurse then gave the following details: "Last night she was seized with violent pains and I thought she was dying. I said to her, 'You are dying; shall I send for the priest?'"

"Oh, no," she said, "I don't want your priest. I know my Bible and am ready to die at any moment."

"But," I said, "are you not afraid to die?"

"No, indeed, not a bit," she replied.

"Tell me why you are not afraid to die," I said.

"She replied joyously, 'Because I belong to death's Master. I am a poor sinner saved by grace.'"

Dear Christian woman! She had peace in the face of death. By faith in Christ she belonged to Him who in His resurrection proved Himself to be the Master of death. Why should she fear to die?

She belonged to Him who as death's Master has the keys of death and is alive for evermore, and who says to all that believe in Him, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Again He says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!

I, too, unto life must waken;

Endless joy my Saviour gives;

Shall my courage then be shaken?

Shall I fear? or could the Head

Rise and leave His members dead?

"Nay, too closely am I bound

Unto Him by hope forever;

Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,

Grasped it, and will leave it never;

Not the ban of death can part

From its Lord the trusting heart."

Faith in Christ.

Faith is a certain steadfast beholding, which looketh upon nothing else but Christ, the Conqueror of sin and death, and the Giver of righteousness, salvation, and eternal life. If I would find comfort when my conscience is afflicted, or when I am at the point of death, I must do nothing but lay hold of Christ by faith, and say, I believe in Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who suffered, was crucified, and died for me; in whose wounds and in whose death I see my sin; and in His resurrection victory over sin, death, and the devil; besides Him, I see nothing, I hear nothing. This is true faith concerning Christ, and in Christ; Christ and our faith must be thoroughly joined together. I cannot comprehend, nor be at all assured by reason that I am received into God's favor for Christ's sake; but I hear this to be pronounced by the Gospel, and lay hold upon it by faith. With faith always must be joined a certain assurance of God's mercy. Now this assurance comprehends a faithful remission of sins for Christ's sake; for it is impossible thy conscience should look for anything at God's hand, unless first it be assured that God is merciful to thee for Christ's sake. — *Luther*.

Christ is All in All.

"Christ came as the Physician to the spiritually sick, as the Redeemer to the captives of sin, as the Way to those who had wandered afar off, as the Life to the dead in trespasses and sins, and as a Saviour to the lost."

One More in Heaven.

One less at home!

The loved circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed, and saved, and perfected by grace:
One more in heaven!

One more at home!

This is not home, where, cramped in earthly mold,
Our sight of Christ is dim—our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven!

One more at home!

That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally.
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in heaven!

Selected.

The Blood That Cleanseth.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with the man, and told him he came there with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of all happiness. The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him downstairs. When the visitor was endeavoring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

And it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones—

"Tell me! oh, tell me; does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question,—

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied,—

"What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I am going to stand naked before God! I have been a wicked woman—a very wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done!" and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard there I never forgot; it was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book."

The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed: "Read more, read more!" He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look around; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died.

Every day, the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned him on one side as they were filling up her grave, and said, "Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped, when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit and lift it above the floods that are going over it.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This Society celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary in March. By its many translations and its wide distribution of the Bible it has been a great help to the missionaries in all parts of the world. From a review of the work done in the past we learn that during the hundred years of the existence of this Society nearly one hundred and eighty-one millions of copies of the Bible have been issued, and that the hundredth year has been the best. During the past year, one million eight hundred and thirty thousand copies have been sold.

THE GOSPEL IN KOREA.—Early in 1900, one of the Korean colporteurs, or Bible agents, of the British and Foreign Bible Society induced a man living in Pung-lok to buy a copy of St. Luke. A few weeks later the man said that if copies were left at his house he would recommend his friends to buy them. In this way Gospels were purchased by two men living at Yong-chen. The man who sold these books is still a heathen, but the two purchasers are now Christians. After their own conversion, they began to work for the conversion of their families and neighbors. And in their district there is now a Christian church, formed as the direct result of the sale of these few Gospels which had been left by a colporteur at a heathen Korean's house.

A FLOATING MISSION SCHOOL.—A floating mission school for the children of boatmen on the rivers and canals near Berlin, Germany, has recently been opened and is attended by one hundred and fifty children. The city mission employs regular visitors to the boatmen, and is doing much mission work among this class of people, using also the Christian school as a mission agency.

PRAYING AND GIVING.—A little girl, six years old, had put her pennies into the missionary box with others. When saying her evening prayers at her papa's knee, she hesitated a moment and then added, "Lord, bless my two pennies for Jesus' sake. Amen." After the child had gone to bed, her father asked the mother, "What made Gracie say that?" "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary box," was the mother's reply. The dear little girl gave not only her pennies, but also her prayers. Add your prayers to your mission gifts.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Says an exchange: "There is a farmer somewhere in the West who supports

two missionaries on the foreign field. He is credited with the following: 'As long as I am on top of the sod, I shall give not less than \$1500 a year to the Board of Foreign Missions.' Not every one is able to give \$1500 a year for mission, but most could do more than they are doing. It should be the desire of every one of us, so long as we are on top of the sod, to do something praiseworthy for missions.'

ROTTEN.—While addressing his people on the character of the different churches, a Romish priest took a walnut and said, "The outside is green and bitter and represents the Lutheran; the hard, black part represents the Calvinist, who is black and hard;" then cracking the walnut, he said, "And this, my dear hearers, represents the Roman Catholic church," and lo! the inside of that nut was—*rotten!*

Christian Hope in View of Death.

Rev. Lillie, who has charge of a congregation of Christian natives numbering 600 souls, writes from South Africa: "The progress of the congregation is in general encouraging, so that I have reason to thank God. To be sure, sins and errors are not wanting, for our members are exposed to temptations and enticements every day, and by reason of the weakness of the flesh they fall often enough. Where can we find a field of grain without weeds?

"That the Word of God exerts its power also upon our blacks the missionary learns when he is called to visit the sick and dying. Then it is that he often experiences profound joy, so that his poor heart, prone to lament and often moved to grief, exclaims exultingly, 'After all, the labor among the blacks is not in vain, the Lord Jesus is with them!'

"Several months ago a fever became epidemic in this part of the country, and a number of persons died. In one family three died, the mother and two grown daughters, and another family lost two children. Nearly all the members of these families were down with the fever. The oldest daughter of Zechariah Sitole had just been married to Thomas Butelezi and was still at the home of her parents. I was called to administer the Lord's Supper to her. I found her very weak, but perfectly rational. After the confessional and communion service I continued for a while to speak to her about the one thing needful. She was joyful in heart and appeared so happy, as though nothing ailed her. 'Oh,' she said, 'now all is well; now I am going home to my dear Saviour; all trials and pains are at an end.' 'But,' said I, 'you have just been married; do you want to leave

your husband whom you love?' 'My husband,' she replied, 'will find comfort and accord me my rest in heaven.' I thought that perhaps she might recover, but when I got back to my home I was informed that she had departed. I have every reason to believe that she is with her Lord and Saviour. How a missionary rejoices when, on funeral occasions, he feels justified in giving thanks and saying, This one or that has fallen asleep in the Lord and is forever saved."

I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

When the Great Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William, felt that his end was drawing near, he joyously exclaimed: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

These words made such a deep impression on his beloved wife, the Electress, Louise Henriette, that she composed that beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives."

For over two hundred years this hymn has been the comfort of sorrowing hearts throughout Christendom.

Medical Missions.

A Chinese went to the Mission Hospital at Honan and asked for treatment of his weak stomach. His native doctor had made him take a cupful of ground stone every morning until he had swallowed sixty pounds of it. Afterwards he ate forty pounds of cinnamon, but did not get any better. At last he made up his mind to try the "red devil's" medicines. The missionary physician soon relieved him of his trouble.

During the treatment he bought a New Testament, read it diligently, and asked the physician for instruction.

One day he said, "Doctor, I am glad I got ill!" "How so?"

"If I had not fallen ill, I should never have heard anything of this precious Book."

When he left the hospital, fully cured, he was no longer a heathen, but a professed believer in Christ Jesus.—*Sel.*

Used to Such Things.

A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests

used all their raillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors.

One of them, at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him, "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."—*Ex.*

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ZWISCHENSPIELE zu den gebräuchlichsten Choraalen der lutherischen Kirche, bearbeitet von J. A. THEISS, Organist an der Bethlehems-Gemeinde zu Milwaukee, Wis. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.50.

These Interludes will prove helpful to our organists. They are churchly, and the character of each is in harmony with the character of the respective choral. They will not hinder, but further the devotion of the congregation when singing our grand old Lutheran chorals.

Acknowledgment.

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Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

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Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor. Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor. Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor. Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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Ascension Day.

To-day our Lord went up on high,
And so our songs we raise:
To Him with strong desire we cry
To keep us in His grace;
For we poor sinners here beneath
Are dwelling still 'mid woe and death.
All hope in Him we place:
Hallelujah!

Thank God that now the way is made!
The cherub-guarded door
Through Him, on whom our help was laid,
Stands open evermore;
Who knoweth this is glad at heart,
And swift prepares him to depart
Where Christ is gone before:
Hallelujah! *From the German.*

Our Saviour's Ascension.

It is our Saviour's ascension which we commemorate on Ascension Day. Therefore Ascension Day is a day of joy. He that goes up to heaven is the same that came down from heaven to redeem the world of sinners and to become the Saviour of all. Having done the work which He came to do, He went back to the Father who sent Him. From His ascension we learn that the work of redemption is finished. Speaking of Christ's ascension, the psalmist exclaims rejoicingly: "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men: yea, for the rebellious also," Ps. 68, 18. It was our captivity which He led captive—the captivity of sin, death, devil, and hell. Over these enemies He triumphed in His resurrection and led them captive in His ascension. Our enemies are put under His feet, and He is crowned as the great Conqueror and as the Lord over all

things. Through Him deliverance, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting are procured for all sinners. These are the gifts which He received, not for Himself, but for men, for all men, yea, for the rebellious also. These gifts are offered to every sinner in the Gospel without money and without price. Therefore the Saviour, before His ascension, told His disciples to go into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The Gospel brings to every sinner the glad tidings: The work of redemption is finished, your captivity is led captive, your enemies are conquered, your prison is destroyed, you are free, heaven is opened to you.

Blessed are they who by faith accept this Gospel. They enjoy the gifts which the ascended Saviour received for all men, and which in the Gospel He offers to all. They are no longer captives and slaves, but the free children of God. In all sorrows and tribulations they rejoice in the presence of their Saviour, who makes all things work together for good to them that love Him. He that ascended into heaven and thus withdrew His visible presence is at all times present with His people, though they see Him not. He has not left us orphans. No; His promise is, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "Alway!" On all days, in all hours He is with us! We need Him every day and would not be without Him one hour. But especially in the days and hours of sorrow and grief we find consolation in the fact that the Saviour is with us and keeps us and guides us in His own way to the place which He has gone to prepare for us. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Yes, the ascended Saviour will come again and take His weary pilgrims home. When the disciples stood gazing up into heaven after the Lord had left them, two angels appeared to them and said, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." We shall then see Him in whom we have believed, and shall behold His glory and enjoy forever the fruits of His labor, and sufferings, and victory on earth. "Then we shall have looked our last look on sorrows and afflictions and foes; we shall have witnessed the last parting, and shall have beheld the last deathbed scene; we shall have gazed on the last grave, and have read the last grave-stone inscription." Henceforth our eyes shall be turned to brighter scenes, when we, together with our loved ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus, shall see the King in His beauty—our Saviour and our Lord.

"There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin,
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasure in."

The Missionary Command.

Shortly before Christ ascended to heaven He gave the command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is a simple command.

"Go."

Christ did not say, If you think it worth while to go, or if you think it safe to go, then go. He simply said, "Go!" The command is simply to be obeyed. The results are in His hands. It is related of the Duke of Wellington that when a certain minister asked him whether he thought it worth while to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos, the old General asked; "What are your marching orders, sir?" The minister replied, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Then follow your orders," said the General; "your only duty is to obey."

"YE."

To whom is the command given? "Go ye," said Christ to the disciples who were to be witnesses of His ascension. But the command was not given to them alone. This is clearly seen from the promise added to the command. Christ said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Mission work is to be done unto the end of the world. As long as the world stands the command stands. It is given not only to those

who first heard it, but to Christ's disciples and followers of all times unto the end of the world. The "ye" of the command means every Christian. The duty to preach the Gospel rests upon the Church, upon each and all its members. The early Christians understood this. They "went everywhere, preaching the Gospel." Every Christian should make known the Gospel to those who know it not. He will find opportunity in his family, among his relatives, among his acquaintances. Not every Christian can become a called missionary in the mission field, but every Christian must know that those who go as missionaries are our representatives. If we cannot go, we are to support those who go and devote their lives to mission work. They are toiling and suffering in obeying a command which is given not only to them, but to the whole Church, to every member of the Church. But alas! How feeble is the sympathy of those whose work they are doing! How meager the contributions to carry on the work which the Master commanded the Church to do! Is not greater liberality in regard to mission work one of the needs of the hour, especially in regard to our Colored Mission? God has blessed the labors of our missionaries. He has opened new doors for them to enter. The mission schools are crowded. In spite of great difficulties, colleges have been opened for the education of those who are to become laborers in our colored mission field. But larger contributions are needed if the work is to be carried on and enlarged in obedience to the missionary command. May the great mercy of God which we enjoy through the Gospel of Christ make us more willing, more liberal, more zealous in our mission work.

"INTO ALL THE WORLD."

The apostles were Christ's witnesses to the Jews and to the Gentiles, and bore His message into the different parts of the world. And the world is still to-day our mission field. As God loved the world and gave His Son as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, so the Gospel, the message of His love, is for the whole world. When God opens the door for mission work in a certain land or among a certain race, the Church must not think that land or that race is not fit for mission work. The Gospel is for all lands and for all nations, and the command is, "Go ye into all the world."

"PREACH THE GOSPEL."

Not science, or politics, or a system of morals, but the Gospel. Not human opinions and theories and fancies, but the Gospel. Not something about the Gospel, but the Gospel. Not the Gospel with

"ifs" and "buts" and all kinds of additions, but the Gospel—"the glad tidings of the grace of God in Christ Jesus."

"TO EVERY CREATURE."

To the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly! To those who dwell in the brilliant palaces of wealth, and to those who live in the miserable shanties and cabins of poverty, or are found in the hedges or along the highways! To those who assemble in God's house and to those who hide in the dark nooks and corners of the slums! To the convict in his prison cell, to the criminal on the gallows; to the poor outcast who in her misery and shame finds every door closed upon her! "To every creature!" "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Therefore, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The Blessed Man.

"Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin," Rom. 4, 8.

The Lord will not impute sin to the believer. Having imputed it to Jesus, having punished it in Jesus, having put it away by Jesus, He will never charge it upon anyone that is by faith in Jesus. There is "now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," says the apostle.

What a comfort this is! And what a blessed man the believer is! "If God were to impute my sins to me," said an aged Christian, "or deal with me according to my sins, how could I have one moment's peace? How could I be happy? But when God tells me that, as a believer in Jesus, He will not impute sin to me, but deal with me as one who died in Jesus, is risen with Jesus, and for whom Jesus is ascended into heaven and for whom He intercedes with the Father, I can rejoice, and sing for joy. I am a happy, a blessed man."

A Much-Read Bible.

The late Rear Admiral Phillip was one of the most beloved heroes in our American navy. It was he who, when his men were cheering over the victory at Santiago, said to them, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying." It was he who immediately after that battle called all the officers and men together on deck, and told them that he wanted to bear testimony to his faith in God, and publicly

thank God for His preservation of their lives. Since the Admiral's death, a friend who has seen his Bible, says of it: "I have never seen a Bible more marked and thumbed than his. The portions most marked are the fourteenth chapter of John and the eighth chapter of Romans. It was Admiral Phillip's custom to note on the margin the dates when he began either the Old or the New Testament in his readings in course. I find twelve dates noted when he began to read the Old Testament, and thirty-four when he began to read the New. Many, many times he must have read the Bible from its beginning to its end. I find here the secret of his gentleness and power."

God Is Everywhere.

That is strange. Just think; there is no place where God is not. If you had swift wings and would fly to the loneliest spot on earth, you would not be alone. God would be there with you. When you go to your bed of an evening, and repeat your prayer, God is with you and hears what you say. When you get awake at night, and all is dark and quiet in the house, God is still there, and is watching over you while you sleep. When you are at work, when you go to school, when you play, all the time God is with you. He is everywhere.

And since God is everywhere, it is not a hard matter for Him to know what you do and say. He sees how you behave yourself. If you are cross and fretful, if you disobey your parents, if you say bad words, you may be sure that God knows all about it. How careful you should be, then, that you never act or speak in such a way as to offend God. When you are tempted to do wrong, always bear in mind that God sees you—that God is everywhere.—*Messenger*.

Preparing a Place for Us.

A teacher spoke to the smallest children in the Sunday school about Jesus, who died on the cross for our sins, rose from the dead, and went up to heaven, where He now is. The question was then put to the class: "What is He doing there now?" A little girl, not more than five years old, answered, "Teacher, He's making the place tidy for us." She no doubt thought of the words of Christ: "I go to prepare a place for you."

THE Bible is as full of promises as the sky is of stars, and the night of sorrow brings them out in all their glory.

Christ Has Redeemed Me from All Sins.

We are sinners. We have transgressed every one of God's commandments. We must plead guilty to every count, for by sins of commission and omission we have broken every one of God's laws. From this our guilt Christ has redeemed us by keeping the laws which we had broken, by keeping the commandments which we should have kept. We owed God obedience to His laws. This debt of obedience, however, we did not pay. Now Christ took this debt upon Himself and paid it for us by His active obedience. Made of a woman, made under the Law, Christ redeemed us that were under the Law, and thus freed us from the condemnation of the Law and the guilt of our disobedience. Thus did Christ free us from the guilt of sin.

But the Law curses the sinner; for it is written, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the Law to do them." From this curse Christ has also redeemed us by taking it and the punishment upon Himself. "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the Law, being made a curse for us; for it is written: Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree," Gal. 3, 13. Christ suffered the punishment of our sins, He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and, being chastised for us, He brought us peace. The righteous God having punished our sins in Christ, we now stand acquitted and need no longer fear the curse of the Law nor the punishment of an insulted God.

And Christ has also redeemed us from the dominion and power of sin. By nature we were the slaves of sin.

Enchained by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doomed to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.

From this awful slavery Christ has also freed us, as Peter says: "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot." Being flesh born of flesh, we were born in sin. By inheritance we received from our fathers the "vain conversation," that is, the chains and shackles of sin. From this awful tyranny Christ has liberated us, so that we need no longer serve sin, but may victoriously fight against our former master.

Christ has redeemed us from *all* sins, great and small. He bore all our sins, suffered all pains in

all His members, in body and soul. Though our sins should outnumber the grains of sand by the seashore, though they should be more than are the stars that stud the firmament—Christ has redeemed us from them all. There is no sin so great, no sin so awful, that Christ should not have atoned for it. Though a man had denied his Lord, as did Peter, or persecuted Christ's followers, as did Saul,—Christ has atoned for it. Were you to put all your sins in one balance of the scales and Christ's merits in the other, your sins would fly up as though they were nothing.

Thou, ah! Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God!
Thus didst Thou my soul deliver
From the bonds of sin forever.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

F. J. L.

Heaven Sealed to the Christian.

Heaven is given to me freely and is my gift, and I have letters and seals for it; that is, I am baptized and go to the Sacrament. Therefore I take care of the letter, that the devil may not tear it in pieces; that is, I live and abide in the fear of God, and pray the Lord's Prayer. God could not have given me salvation and the Gospel save through the death, the suffering, and dying of His dear Son. And when I believe that He has overcome death and died for me, and I look at the promise of the Father, then I have the letter complete, and the seal of Baptism and of the Sacrament of the Altar (the true essential body and blood of our Lord Christ) affixed to it; thus I am well provided for. We should hold it certain that Baptism is God's ordinance, which He has appointed that we may know where we may surely find Him. He seeks us; He comes to us; we cannot come to Him of ourselves.

Luther.

No Puzzle.

An infidel tried to confuse an old Christian colored man by telling him that there were contradictory passages in the Bible. "For example," said he, "how can it be that we are in the Spirit and at the same time the Spirit is in us?"

The old Christian replied, "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I put it in de fire till it gets red-hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."

The infidel had no more to say.

Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

A chaplain relates the following: I once saw a sailor dying and shall never forget that solemn moment. It was midnight upon the ocean. When I came to the dying sailor to hear his last words, he said to me, "Tell my mother that I depart in the sure hope of everlasting life. I rely upon God's mercy in Christ. Tell my mother how I entered upon my last voyage, and what peace that passeth all understanding I at this moment enjoy."

After a pause he added, "Yes, my end has come. I feel the approach of death. But my living hope sustains me. Oh, what a great and mighty Saviour Jesus Christ is! He is the sinners' Physician."

Then he turned towards the sailor who had nursed him during his sickness, and said, "Dear John, we shall meet in heaven."

"Yes, by the grace of God," replied his comrade.

Again happy joy beamed upon the dying sailor's face and he said, "Heaven is opened for such sinners as I am. Jesus has entered for me, to prepare a place also for me, and my mother will soon follow."

He then laid his folded hands upon his breast and fell asleep.

"Death, where is thy sting?"

Let Your Light Shine.

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner.

The Home Above.

As the rich Dr. Brown one day stepped out of his new house, he saw old Eliza passing by, whom he knew very well, she being called now and then to help in the family. She was a poor widow living all alone in a shanty with two rooms. She was an upright Christian woman, and therefore happy, although very poor.

The doctor held her in high esteem for her true piety. He invited her to step in and look at his beautiful, newly furnished house. Old Eliza went in, and the doctor took her upstairs and downstairs through all the rooms, showing her all the beauty and splendor of his new dwelling. She looked at it all very calmly and did not seem to be much impressed by what she saw.

"Well, Eliza," asked the doctor, "what do you think of my new house? How do you like it?"

"It is very beautiful," said Eliza, "and I thank you very much for taking me through all these rooms; but what I have seen is

nothing compared with the dwelling into which I shall soon move."

"What kind of a house is that?" asked the doctor in surprise.

Old Eliza took from her pocket a New Testament, reading John 14, 2: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you," and from Rev. 21 the description of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"I wish you much joy and happiness in your new house," she then said, "but you well know that you will not live here long. But in my home above I shall live forever."



The Lord's Ascension.

Light in Darkness.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."
Rom. 8, 28.

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears!
What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears!
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry skies!
How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies!

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above:
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not
yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His Word,
And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise, what would its darkness be!

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope and trust;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
And flee, for hope and refuge, to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at last;
And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,
Where grief and disappointment and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy
day;

Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys forevermore.

From the German of Spitta by Jane Borthwick.

A Lesson from the Catechism.

The late Rev. M. Frommel related the following instructive incident from his pastoral experience: I once asked a woman in my first charge, "How are you getting along?" She began to pour forth a volley of complaints about her difficulties and trials. I allowed her to finish, and then said to her, "Well, my dear woman, I guess we shall have to repeat the Catechism together. I'll ask, and you answer."

"Do you believe that you are a sinner?"

"Yes, I believe it; I am a sinner."

"How do you know this?"

"From the Ten Commandments; these I have not kept."

"What have you deserved of God by your sins?"

"His wrath and displeasure, temporal death, and eternal damnation."

"Is that true which you just now said?"

"Why certainly, it is true, pastor."

"And still I see that you have daily bread, have clothing and shoes, house and home, have a kind husband and healthy children, have Jesus for your comfort and the Holy Spirit for your light, have Baptism and the Lord's Supper, forgiveness of sin, and the hope of everlasting life. Let me tell you, your lot is much better than you deserve."

With these words I left the woman. After a few weeks I passed the house again.

"Well, how are you getting along now?" I said to the woman.

With a beaming face she replied, "Oh, much better than I deserve, pastor."

She had learned her lesson well, and may all that are in the habit of complaining learn the same lesson.

A Chinese Slave Girl.

Ah-I was a Chinese girl, who, at the age of eight years, was sold into slavery by her parents for the sum of thirty dollars. According to custom in such cases, her name was changed, and the parents promised not to entice her away, and if she ran away, agreed to find her and restore her to her owners. Then a contract was written out, and the names of the contracting parties were signed to it, and their thumb-marks added. These are made by dipping the end of the thumb into ink and pressing it upon the paper, a kind of seal which the Chinese say cannot be counterfeited, as no two thumbs will make the same impression.

Poor Ah-I! Her life had been hard at home, for her parents were poor, but they had not been unkind to her. Now she was very badly treated. She was half-starved, and had to search the filthy gutters for food; and when her cruel mistress was not pleased with her, she would pinch her flesh with red-hot pincers.

But the time came when her parents heard the story of Christ's love, and became Christians. Then they heard of the sufferings of their child, and began to make efforts to redeem her. Two married daughters contributed a part, and the missionaries made up the rest, and Ah-I was brought back from her cruel mistress. Then she was placed in the mission school, where she was very happy, and learned so well that she became an assistant teacher in the school. She has since been married into a Christian family, where she has a kind mother-in-law, and a good husband.—Has not Ah-I reason to be thankful for the Gospel?—*Ex.*

NOTES AND ITEMS.

HARD TIMES.—The church treasury was empty, and "hard times" was the general complaint. "Then," said a faithful church member, "I must double my contributions; there are so many who cannot give at all." And he did it.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.—A traveler in the East writes: "During the last fourteen years, Christianity has made great strides in Japan. There are now about 120,000 enrolled Christians in that country, and they exercise a great influence. In the House of Commons, the President, or Premier, is a Christian, also one of the Cabinet Ministers. Three per cent. of the army officers are Christians, and the commanders of several warships. Three of the great Tokio dailies are largely in Christian hands, and several others have Christian editors. About 3000 Japanese leave the Christian schools every year, after an average course of four years. Their influence is increasingly felt. Two judges of the Supreme Court are also Christians. Yet not so long since the Christian missionary pursued his work in Japan at the peril of his life."

BIBLE WORK.—The British Bible Society, which recently celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary, has resolved to raise a special fund for the preparation of new versions of the Bible. The translation work of the Society, though comparatively little known, is, indeed, one of its glories, and during the hundred years of its existence it has published Scripture translations or revisions in more than three hundred and fifty foreign languages, a work which has been of great help to the missionaries. Revision is often necessary, owing to the difficulty of finding at first the different shades of meaning. An earnest missionary was horrified to find that, owing to his catechist's suggestion, the beautiful words, "A crown of glory that fadeth not away," had been rendered, "A hat that never wears out."

KOREA.—A few years ago a New York business man, learning that Korea was open to mission work, drew his check for six thousand dollars, to enable the Presbyterian Board to begin work in that heathen land. There are now over 20,000 Christian converts there, over 300 churches organized, 21 chapels built in a single year by the native Christians themselves.

FOUND OUT.—We recently read that Mormon missionaries in the mountain districts of the South try to make converts by boasting of miracles per-

formed by Joseph Smith, the founder of their pernicious sect. Well, in a Chicago paper Charles H. Cartwell lately told how Joseph Smith was "found out" when trying to perform one of his tricks which he called miracles. Mr. Cartwell says: "Some time in the thirties Smith and a party of his followers were proselyting in Muskingum County, Ohio. He appointed a certain day when he would show the people his wonderful powers, and that he was a second Christ, by walking on the waters of Mud Creek. The water was always muddy. A day or two before the time set grandmother's brother Robert and a couple of neighbor boys were accidentally attracted to the Mormons working at the creek, and, concealing themselves, watched the Mormons put down stakes and put planks on them from bank to bank, the plank resting about six inches under water. After the Mormons left the boys went down and took out the center plank, where the water was about ten feet deep. The next day 'Balaam' Smith came down to the creek, and, after a long exhortation, started across the creek. He was all right and on top till he came to the center, where his 'powers' seemed to leave him, and he, like McGinty, went to the bottom. This was the end of Mormonism in that county."

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.—Recently a Christian farmer, who supports a missionary substitute in China, found that with care he could invest \$1000 more in missions this year. On inquiring where it could be placed so as "to give the Gospel to those who otherwise would have no opportunity of hearing it," he was given full particulars as to an opportunity for opening up a district where are a million people who have not yet heard of the Saviour. He then turned over not only the \$1000 with the assurance that it would be paid annually for life, but also a second \$1000 for this year towards sending missionaries to the new field.

CRUELTY OF THE HEATHEN.—The plague was raging in Puna, India. In one Brahman family six people were sick. After the father's death came four Brahman priests, great, strong men, to perform the last funeral rites. To this belonged also that the head of the dead man's widow should be shaved smooth. Although she was sick with the plague, the priests laid hold on the fevered woman, took all her jewels, and broke her arm rings; and though she could not sit upright, they held her fast till her head was shaved, all the while, according to Hindoo custom, calling her vile names. Before they had done, she passed away.

A Holy Talk.

A missionary some years ago, returning from South Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately, to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up this way a holy talk with each other."

The Bible Society Record.

Happy Old Alice.

Old Alice had become deaf and nearly blind, but she was one of God's happy children. To a friend who came to see her she said, "You're mourning for me, my dear, and there's no need. I am happy as a child. I sometimes think I am a child whom the Lord is hush-a-by-ing to my long sleep. For when I was a nurse girl, my missus always told me to speak very low and soft, to darken the room, that her little one might go to sleep. Now to me all noises are hushed and still, and the bonnie earth seems dim and dark, and I know it is my Father lulling me to my long sleep."

As the bird in the darkened cage sings merrily, so her soul was filled with heavenly joy and happiness.

Things Worth Knowing.

I know—that my Redeemer liveth. Job 19, 25.

I know—in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. 2 Tim. 1, 12.

Ye know—that He was manifested to take away our sins. 1 John 3, 5.

We know—that ALL things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. 8, 28.

We know—that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. 5, 1.

We know—that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3, 2.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE LIFE OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER. By *Ernst August Brueggemann*. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 60 cts.; gilt edge, 85 cts.

This well-written and well-gotten-up Life of Luther is worthy of a place in our families and in the libraries of our young people. It is a good book to give to those who wish to become acquainted with the person and work of the great Reformer.

The following excellent tracts, which deserve a wide circulation, may be ordered from Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.:

A BRIEF STATEMENT OF THE DOCTRINAL POSITION OF THE MISSOURI SYNOD. By *F. Pieper*. Price, 3 cts.

LUTHERANISM AND AMERICANISM. Price, 3 cts.

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. K. Kretzschmar from Mount Zion Church in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. M. Weinhold from St. Paul's Church in Mansura, La., 10.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff from St. Matthew's Church in Meherrin, Va., 14.00; of Rev. L. E. Thalley from Holy Trinity Church in Springfield, Ill., 7.25; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00.

St. Louis, April 16, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 6.

"Him that Cometh to Me, I Will in No Wise
Cast Out," John 6, 37.

Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,—
Oh, guilty sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppress;—
Oh, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss;—
Oh, needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
Oh, trembling sinner, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints reecho, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come—
The Saviour bids thee come. *Sel.*

Come Just as You Are.

It is a difficult thing to persuade a convicted sinner that he may come to Jesus just as he is, and be saved. His first thought is that he must do something, because he judges God by himself. Pure grace, unmerited kindness, favor shown to the undeserving, is too much for him, until he is taught by the Holy Spirit.

Not only must the sinner come to the Saviour just as he is, but unless he comes just as he is he can never come at all. He must give up forever all thought of making himself worthy by tears and prayers and doings of his own; for trust in such

things will keep the soul from the Saviour. The sinner's attempt to make himself "fit to come" is a dishonor to our Lord Jesus Christ and a reflection upon His finished work. It is the same as saying that His atonement is not sufficient, that we must add something to the value of His precious blood, and that we prefer a righteousness of our own.

It is related that some years ago an artist in Rome met a beggar on the streets, so dirty and ragged, so rough in appearance, with his matted and unwashed hair and beard, that he gave him a piece of gold and told him to come to his studio the next day to sit for his picture, promising to give him ten times as much. The man went to a barber, had his head and face put in fine shape, took a bath, hired a clean suit of clothes, and appeared before the artist looking somewhat like a gentleman.

"You are not the man I invited to come," exclaimed the indignant painter. "You have spoiled everything by your folly. I wanted you as you were yesterday, a forlorn beggar, and by your vanity you have defeated my purpose. Out with you!"

So it is with the sinner who imagines that he can come before God with any merits of his own. Jesus in the Gospel invites sinners to come unto Him for pardon and salvation, and they must come just as they are.

"Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call."

LORD, keep us from all temptations; for we cannot be our own shepherd.—*Walter Scott.*

Christ Has Redeemed Us from Death.

When God forbade Adam to eat of the tree of knowledge, He added, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And after the fall God confirmed this threat, saying to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." According to these words of the Lord death is the wages of sin. The union of body and soul shall come to an end, and the body will return unto the ground whence it was taken. Had man not sinned, death would not have come into the world, the unnatural separation of body and soul would never have taken place.

But what makes the separation of body and soul so awful is this that it is followed by eternal separation from God. Temporal death is followed by eternal death. The consequences of sin are death and damnation. Life for the natural man is but a looking forward to that hour when through the gates of temporal death he must pass into eternal death. They that are in the chains of sin are through the fear of death all their lifetime subject to bondage, knowing as they do that temporal death will be followed by what is infinitely more terrible, namely, eternal death in the flames of hell.

From this curse of sin, temporal and eternal death, Christ has redeemed us. Hebr. 2, 14. 15 we read: "Forasmuch then as children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." To save us from death, Christ was born a true man of the Virgin Mary. He became like unto us in all things, only He was without sin. Full of hatred Satan goaded on the Jews, till, finally, they crucified Christ. Great was the rejoicing in hell. But this joy was of short duration, for by His death Christ had destroyed death and him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.

Death did, indeed, swallow up Christ, but Christ was for death a fatal poison. In killing Christ death lost its power over us.

He that believes in Christ is the victor over death. Though the believer's body must see corruption, though he must often experience great agony in death, yet all these outward terrors of death are really no longer death, but only the shadow of death. Real death is eternal separation from God, and temporal death, instead of separat-

ing the believer from God, is rather the welcome messenger taking him into God's presence. Temporal death is but the passing through a dark valley which opens into a land of sunlight and glory beyond; it is the passing through Jordan into the Land of Promise.

"Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light," 2 Tim. 1, 10. He having gained for us forgiveness of sin, we have life and salvation in Him.

Death may, indeed, cause us to tremble, because of our weak faith, but its power is gone, it cannot harm us, and at the very point where it seems to have overcome us it has, on the contrary, delivered us from every evil and taken us into life eternal.

As yet this our redemption from death may not be apparent; the cold, dark, and dreary grave awaits us, as it does the unbeliever, and corruption lays its ruthless hands upon us, as it does upon the unconverted sinner; but on the glorious day of the resurrection our bodies also will take part in the glorious victory Christ has gained for us. Then will our bodies not only rise from the dead, but they will shine like the sun, and we will be with the Lord forever.

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
To our low state descended,
The cause of Death He has undone,
His power forever ended,
Ruined all his right and claim,
And left him nothing but the name,—
His sting is lost forever. Hallelujah.

F. J. L.

Sincerity Not Enough.

The popular saying is: "It makes no difference what a man believes, just so he is sincere." What a great folly that is, yea, what a hurtful lie! A man's sincerity will not save him from the evil consequences of believing a falsehood. The man who in the darkness took, by mistake, poison instead of medicine, sincerely believed that he was taking medicine; but his sincerity did not save him.

If a man is wrong, his sincerity will not make him right. A few years ago an engineer of the Continental Limited train took his dispatch from the station agent and read it: "Pass at Sand Creek," but it was written: "Pass at Seneca." He sincerely believed that he had read aright, and so he ran his engine. The result was a crash of two passenger trains, and the telegraph wires flashed across the country: "Eighty dead and 125 injured." The engineer was wrong, and his sincerity did not make him right.

It is *truth* that saves, not *sincerity*. The truth blesses, falsehood damns. Away with the hateful error—that sincerity will answer for truth! God has not so spoken. The Bible says, “He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son”—no matter what else he has, and how sincerely he holds on to it—“he that hath not the Son hath not life.”

Prayer.

The cry and sigh of the heart raises a clamor that not only God but all the angels in heaven must hear. Thus, Moses was dismayed when he came to the Red Sea. He cried with trembling, shuddering, and dismay, and nevertheless did not open His mouth. “O Lord God,” he said, “what shall I do now? How can I find my way out? I am the cause that all this people will be here miserably murdered. There is no help nor counsel. Before us is the sea; behind us are our foes, the Egyptians; on both sides high mountains. It is all over with us.” Then God answered, “Wherefore criest thou unto me?” Ex. 14, 13—15.

But we read their example as if they were a dead letter.

Moses must have heaved a great sigh, that he filled therewith the ears of God. It is contrary to all which reason could have expected that they went through the Red Sea. For their way through the Red Sea is as broad as from Wittenberg to Coburg, or at least from Wittenberg to Magdeburg. In the night, moreover, they must have rested and eaten. For six hundred thousand men, not including women and children, even if they went three hundred and fifty, or even five hundred abreast, must have taken time.

Thus the cry of Moses seemed to Moses indeed little, but to God great.—*Luther*.

“By the Law is the Knowledge of Sin,” Rom. 3, 20.

When the Lord’s Sermon on the Mount, which treats of God’s holy Law, was read to the first Burman convert, he was deeply affected. “These words,” he said, “take hold of my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. When Burmans make offerings, they make a great noise with drums and cymbals, that others may see how good they are. Oh, what great sinners we are!”

The Necessity of a New Heart.

The Indian chief Teedynsburg, King of the Delawares, was one evening sitting at the fireside of a friend. Each, buried in deep thoughts, was silently looking at the fire. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, “I will tell you what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the Author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the *Golden Rule*.”

“Stop,” said the Indian, “don’t praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence; tell me what it is.”

The friend said, “It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.”

“That’s impossible; it cannot be done,” the Indian immediately replied. Silence followed. The Indian lighted his pipe and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with a smiling face, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said, “Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a *new heart* he could do as you say, but not otherwise.”

Thus the Indian saw the necessity of a new heart.

“If any man be in *Christ*, he is a *new creature*,” 2 Cor. 5, 17.

Our Father Who Art in Heaven.

Dr. Martin Luther once said: “O that we could but thoroughly understand the first words of the Lord’s Prayer: ‘Our Father who art in heaven.’ For if I can understand and believe these few words, that God, who created heaven and earth and all creatures, and holds them in His hand, is my Father, I can with all certainty conclude that I myself am also a lord of heaven and earth. Again, that Christ is my brother and all is mine, that Gabriel must be my servant, and Raphael my coachman, and all the angels my help in danger and need, as they are sent to me by my heavenly Father, that they should guide me on my way that I may not dash my foot against a stone.”

The Christian’s Life.

The Christian lives not himself, but in Christ and in his fellow man,—in Christ by faith, in his fellow man by love. By faith he rises above himself to God; from God he descends by love, still always remaining in God and divine love.—*Luther*.

Spreading the Gospel.

Speaking of the duty of native Christians on the mission fields to help in spreading the Gospel among their neighbors, *The Indian Witness* calls attention to the fact that in the early days of Christianity the Christian faith was most zealously spread by the rank and file of the disciples. In the second century the heathen philosopher Celsus declared that "workers in wool and leather, and fullers were the most zealous messengers of Christianity." Theodoret, a Christian of the fourth century, tells of the Christians of the country and small towns of Northern Syria, how well they were acquainted with the Christian doctrine, "even shoemakers, and smiths, and workers in wool and other handicraftmen, and in like manner women, not only the educated, but also those who have to work for their living, both needlewomen and servant girls." "Ditchers, and herdsmen, and gardeners conversing respecting the Divine Trinity, and knowing much more of human nature than Aristotle and Plato, and gladly undertaking every kind of labor for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake."

True Liberality.

An elderly colored woman, a widow, who had always been in the habit of giving a contribution annually to the mission, at last became so poor that she was unable to give anything, and this made her very sad indeed—so sad that she had to go and tell her minister about it, and this is the story she told him:

"I cried and was very sad, and I say, 'Morrow-day de missionary meetin', and sweet Jesus! your servant hab notin' to give.' What to do? I tink and tink how I goin' to make it up. I 'member a man due me nine shillin' for a long time, an' I say, 'I go to him and ask for it. Let him give me de money, an' I will carry de whole of it to de meetin'.'" She went to the man in question, and to her astonishment he gave her three shillings. She said, "Right before me in de door dere stood de devil, and him say, 'You lucky old lady, to get de money!' I say, 'Yes, I want it for de mission.' Him say, 'You poor widow, and you give all dat to de mission?' I say, 'It am so; I promised it, and de Lord must have it.' But he stay and bodder me all dat night, and tease me about de money till de mornin'. When de time come for de meetin', I get ready, and de ole gen'leman come again and say, 'I goin' to de meetin' too!' And all along de road he say, 'Give

half, give half!' I say, 'No, sar; I goin' to give all, so you can shut your mouf.' Den he come again at de collection, and say, 'Give a little of de money, and take some for yourself, if it is only a bare tuppence.' Den I get well vexed, 'If you are a man, take it out if you dare.'" — *Church Messenger*.

Overcome by the Power of God.

Several worldly wise attended the Church Council at Falaise, with the purpose of disputing with the Christians there assembled. One of their number especially championed their cause, and with more than ordinary tact opposed the doctrines of Christianity.

In the course of the discussion an aged Christian, who had suffered much from persecution and had manifested great firmness of faith, but who, in the opinion of the world, possessed little knowledge, arose and said: "In the name of Jesus Christ hear me, ye worldly wise. There is one God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and all things visible and invisible, who hath made all these things by the power of His Word, and preserves them by His Holy Spirit. This Word, which we call the Son of God, had mercy upon the children of men wandering in error and sin. He determined to be born of a woman, to live among and to die for men, and He will come again as the Judge of the living and the dead. That these things are so we heartily and sincerely believe. Do not, therefore, unnecessarily burden yourself by opposing the things which must be received in faith, or investigating how they can, or how they cannot be, but if you believe, simply say so."

Confounded by the simple and yet comforting reply, the philosopher answered, "I believe," acknowledged himself overcome, and admonished his friends who had come there in the same spirit in which he had, to follow his example. He said, "As long as the conflict was words, I was well supplied with weapons, but the moment the power of God spoke through this man, I could not resist." He was then baptized, became a devoted follower of Christ, and the Council greatly rejoiced over him.

Father.

Abba, Father! He who can say this hath uttered better music than cherubim or seraphim can reach. There is heaven in the depth of that word—Father! There is all I can ask; all my necessities can demand; all my wishes can desire. I have all in all to all eternity when I can say, "Father."

Mission Chapel in Catawba County, N. C.

Catawba County, in North Carolina, has been called the Banner County of Lutheranism. For more than a hundred years Lutheran doctrine has been preached, and Lutheran churches have been organized in different parts of the county. Our Colored Lutheran Mission also gained a foothold here recently. Two years ago the first Colored Lutheran mission chapel was built near Catawba, about eight miles from Conover. Since the erection of the chapel mission work among the colored people has been prospering under the faithful services of Rev. G. Schutes, our missionary in Salisbury, N. C.

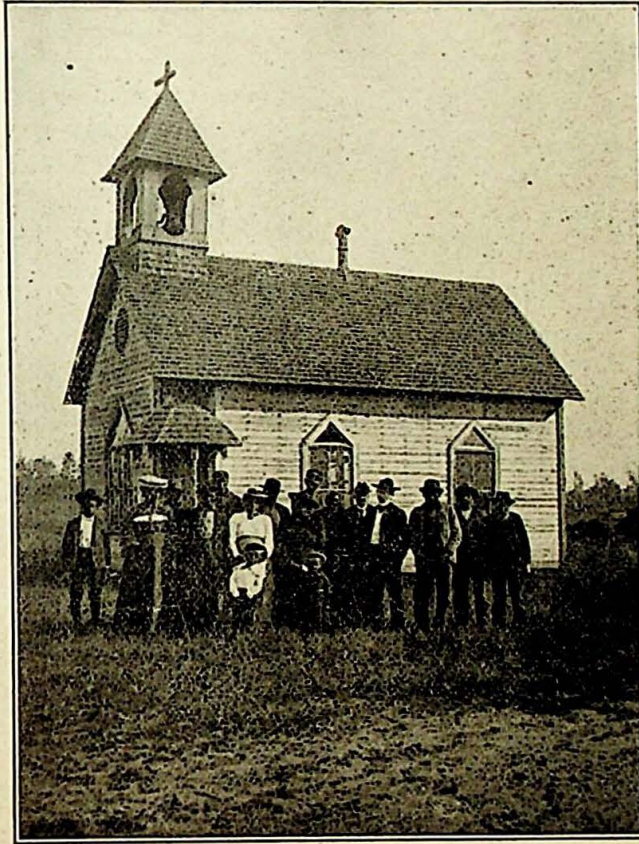
A Colored Benefactor.

In a social chat of Christian friends your correspondent recently had occasion to listen to the following tale.

"It was in 1866. I had taken passage on one of the steamers that ply between Memphis and New Orleans loading cotton and other freight. By streak of hard luck I was absolutely penniless and for two days had eaten not a morsel of food. The mate, an ungodly and hardhearted fellow, had given strictest orders to knock down anyone loitering around the kitchen, and that his orders were cruelly carried out I saw on the first day. An aged man, about seventy, had dared to ask one of the crew for a bit of bread and in return the burly Irishman had rapped him over the head with a hickory, felling him into unconsciousness. That was enough to prevent any approach on my part. Yet, an empty stomach speaks an eloquent language, and my furtive glances at the messroom had been noticed.

"One evening, as the roustabouts were leisurely sitting around on the cottonbales, a colored man, employed as fireman on board, swiftly moved over to where I was standing and rolling his eyes significantly in the opposite direction as if watching the

mate, he said in a deep sotto voice, 'Mister, I guess you'se be hungry.' With that he grabbed into the bosom of his shirt wet with perspiration and drawing out two huge slices of bread interlaid with beefsteak, handed them to me. Before I could utter a single word of acknowledgment my colored friend had slipped into the firehole below. Since that day," concluded the speaker, "I have had a warm spot for the colored man and am glad to give my mite toward the support of the Mission." L. B.



Colored Lutheran Mission Chapel in Catawba, N. C.

The Boasting Infidel Silenced.

An infidel said to a large company at a watering place: "I have done with all the ministers; I have not been inside a church for the last ten years." Then he straightened himself and looked boastfully into his wine-glass.

An elderly gentleman, who, seated apart, had silently listened to the conversation, stepped up to the group, saying, "Oh, sir, not in church for ten years? only ten years? That is nothing to boast of! There is a man in my neighborhood who is forty-six years old, and he has been in church only once in his life, and that was when he was baptized."

All looked surprised, and the boaster asked, "What is the reason, sir?"

"The reason is," replied the stranger, tapping his forehead significantly, "the poor man is not right here."

The infidel was silenced, and many in the company smiled.

WE do not lose our departed loved ones that fell asleep in Jesus, we simply send them on before us; they do not die, they rise into a higher life; they do not forsake us, they are not forever parted from us, they have just gone before us into the glory-world.

John Gerhard.

Go Where the Sheep Are Straying.

Go where the sheep are straying
Out on the mountains cold;
Seek, and with patience bring them
Back to the Shepherd's fold.
See o'er the path you journey,
Light from His throne descend;
He with His eye will guide you
Safe till your work shall end.

Go where the poor and friendless
Long for a word of cheer;
Whisper the name of Jesus,
Name to the heart most dear.
Soft as the breeze of twilight,
List to the words descend;
He with His eye will guide you
Safe till your work shall end.

F. B. Crosby.

The Faith of Abram Lewis.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Abram Lewis was a middle-aged colored man, highly esteemed as an honest, industrious Christian citizen. For some years he had been working at the packing house in the east end of town and by careful planning he had succeeded in building a "residence," a three-roomed cottage, hardly more than a shanty. But it was a royal home for Abram Lewis and his wife and babies. Moreover, the happy time to which he had looked forward with joy had come, and he was making his last payments on his property.

Late one afternoon, however, fire broke out and soon destroyed the little home of Abram Lewis. Kind white neighbors cared for Abe's wife and children, for he enjoyed the friendship of the white folks, the banker of the town being his special friend, having often helped Abe in time of need.

The day after the fire the banker told the story of poor Abe's loss to some of his friends. "As we stood by the burning house," said he, "we knew that Abe would soon be coming from work, and we hated to see him turn the corner and see what had happened to his little all. Pretty soon we saw him come into the road, and we watched and waited. Our hearts fairly ached for the poor fellow. All at once he stopped and staggered. Then he picked himself together, and came slowly towards the place where his little home had stood. The neighbors stood around wanting to say something, but all of us seemed to be tongue-tied; we could not say anything. When Abe reached the group, as we stood near the ruins of his home, he took off his hat and

bowed his head. Then we heard him say, quietly but clearly, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"I tell you," added the wealthy banker, as he wiped his eyes, "such faith is worth more than all my riches."—*Exchange.*

A Child's Trust.

A woman in New York was quietly engaged in her house work when the dreadful news was brought to her:

"Come at once to the police station. Your child has been run over by an express wagon."

She hastened to the police station and found her child surrounded by strangers. The doctor had not yet arrived. She was told that the wheels had passed over the child's foot, but on examination she found no real injury.

She said to the little darling, "Why, Willie, how could the wagon have passed over your foot and not have crushed it?"

The child looked up at his mother and said, "Mamma, I guess God put it in a hollow place."

Massa's Journey.

A certain gentleman who lived in one of the Southern states before the war had a pious old slave. When the master died, they told the slave that the master had gone to heaven.

The old man shook his head. "I'se 'fraid massa no gone there," he said.

"But why, Ben?" he was asked.

He replied, "Cos, when massa go North or to the Springs, he talk about it a long time and get ready. I never hear him talk about going to heaven, never see him get ready to go there!"

A Persian Custom.

A physician who has recently returned from a visit to Persia says that Persians still believe that human tears are a remedy for certain chronic diseases. At every funeral the bottling of mourners' tears is one of the chief features of the ceremonies. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop off his face and eyes, and after burial these sponges are presented to the priest, who squeezes the tears into bottles which he keeps. This custom is one of the oldest known in the East, and has probably been practiced by the Persians for thousands of years.

The Second Annual Conference of Our New Orleans Churches.

The second annual conference of our churches at New Orleans was held at St. Paul's Church on April 17, 18, and 19. The opening service, held on Sunday evening, was conducted by Rev. K. Kretzschmar. His sermon set forth, "What the Lutheran church really is." Wrong notions concerning the Lutheran church are met at almost every hand, while the true essence and being of the Lutheran church is neither understood nor appreciated. To dispel the wrong ideas in the matter and to impress upon his hearers what indeed the Lutheran church is and stands for was the pastor's purpose in choosing just this theme for the occasion. And wisely did he make his choice, for besides the many members present there was not a small number of visitors in attendance at the service. A very conservative estimate would place the number of hearers at about 200, rather above than below that number. The choirs from Mount Zion and St. Paul's churches sang selections in all the meetings.

The session on Monday night was opened by a prayer and a lesson from Holy Scriptures read by the Rev. F. Lankenau, preceded by a song by the convention. Mr. R. A. Dixon, occupying the chair, then presided over the meeting. After a brief explanation of the nature of the sessions, the undersigned was requested to submit the treatise he had prepared on "Church Fairs." This topic is indeed a timely one, especially for our churches in towns and cities. Our Lutheran people see the evil example of church fairs and the like at almost every turn they make; they are oftentimes accosted to help, give, or buy for the benefit of churches getting up such money-making schemes for the benefit of the church. They now and then hear the praises of these concerns or of those who show themselves zealous for their success. The matter at first glance does not look so bad; it holds out ostensibly an easy method of gaining a maintenance for the church, etc. What, now, is God's decision in the premises? May we, or may we not, with God's pleasure, also hold similar fairs, concerts, bazaars, etc.? The consideration of all these things caused the last year's session to request an especial treatise on this matter. The light of God's Word was thrown upon this institution fostered by so many churches, and in this light it was seen that God's pleasure does not and cannot rest upon such schemes, though enticing and promising they may appear.

At the conclusion of this treatise Mr. Edward Wilcox, a member of Bethlehem chapel, read a

paper in which he answered the question: "What causes the poor attendance at divine service?" The poor-attendance fact cannot be denied. It is quite general, and much deplored. Which are its causes? Among those treated of were the general lukewarmness of the Christians of to-day; the lack of an early religious training; the lack of family devotion; the desire to hear something new."

The session of Tuesday was opened by the undersigned in the same manner as the previous session. After some routine business had been disposed of, Rev. F. Lankenau began to read his paper on "The Lodge Weighed and Found Wanting." In it the speaker showed that a Christian had every reason to keep aloof from the lodge or secret society. Beginning with the first commandment of God and going through the whole Decalogue he showed that the lodge in every case is at variance with, and in direct opposition to, God's holy commandments.

The conference on hearing all the papers coincided with them on every point, as was evidenced by expressions from the floor. May God thus bring our good people from knowledge to knowledge of things divine, and give them and us strength and courage of conviction to live according to His Word.

The collections raised during the sessions, amounting to about \$20.00, were devoted to the "Building Fund of the New College at New Orleans." The next conference will meet at Bethlehem at a time to be fixed later on. J. KOSSMANN.

News from Our New Orleans Field.

In another column we give an account of the conference held by our mission churches at New Orleans. "Church fairs," lodges, and church attendance were the topics for discussion.

On Easter Sunday every station devoted its offering to the college cause. The offerings reached the following amounts: St. Paul's congregation, \$25.00; Mount Zion congregation, \$25.00; Bethlehem Sunday School, \$13.30. St. Paul's church, near Mansura, La., also made an offering for the same cause amounting to \$15.00. At the conference sessions something like \$20.00 was raised.

Mr. Fuhrmann, called into the colored mission (St. Paul's) about Christmas and taken sick some weeks since, is reported to have improved somewhat. However, his condition will not permit him to reenter upon his work for some time to come.

Bethlehem Sunday School now consists of eleven classes with ten teachers (the latter all being young people from the congregation), besides the pastor,

who has charge of the Bible class. Mr. G. Wolf is superintendent of the school. The interest taken in the Sunday school has ever been on the increase since the beginning of the new year, as is evidenced by the attendance and the offerings. The members of the congregation are much delighted over the zeal of the young generation.

The day schools are nearing their closing days for the present term. A falling off in numbers is, here and there, noticeable. However, the present numbers compare favorably with those of recent years for the same portion of the year. A want that is keenly felt in our schools is the want of proper maps and other equipments for the instruction of our children.

The "college class" is still conducted in the vestry of St. Paul's Church, where Rev. Lankenau also instructs various grades of the parochial school. Two boys are now preparing to become laborers in the Lord's vineyard. Besides attending the class at Rev. Lankenau's they receive further private instruction in various branches from all the pastors in the mission. For the welfare of our mission we must have a proper building, and have it soon, that is to say, if at all possible, by September—for the vestry used at present is in every way inadequate. Who will help raise the necessary funds?

J. KOSSMANN.

Chinese Beggar-Priests.

Missionaries tell us that it is no uncommon sight to see one of these beggar-priests going about begging with four or five long iron skewers run through his forearm and little ribbons hanging therefrom. One missionary speaks of having met two such beggars that had long iron rods running through their cheeks, and they had taken an oath not to remove them until they had collected a certain sum of money sufficient to repair their temples. One had kept the iron rod through his face for over four months, living the while on soup and tea only.

Another way of raising money is for a priest to take his seat in a little brick sentry-box and let himself be walled in, leaving only a small window through which he can see and can pull a rope by which a big bell is sounded and the attention of passers-by attracted. Here he will sit for months. One was known to remain in his box for nearly a year without being able to lie down or stand up, but apparently perfectly happy, and always ready to have a bit of gossip.

False religions are indeed a house of bondage and make men cruel, not only toward others but also toward themselves. The priests of Baal, in the time of Elijah, also cut themselves with knives till the blood flowed, but their prayers were not heard.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

SYNODALBERICHT DES MITTLEREN DISTRICTS der Synode von Missouri, Ohio u. a. St. 1903. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 15 cts

The English question is a question of pressing importance in our German Lutheran congregations. This Synodical Report treats of that question. It speaks of the duty which the German congregation owes those of its members who are becoming Americanized, and also points out what many consider the best way of meeting that duty. It will be read with interest and profit by all that have at heart the future welfare of our Lutheran church in America.

Acknowledgments.

Received for College in New Orleans from St. Paul's Mission, Mansura, La., \$15.00; from Bethlehem Mission, New Orleans, 13.30; from Mount Zion Mission, New Orleans, 23.00; from St. Paul's Mission, New Orleans, 26.85; collection raised at Joint Conference, New Orleans Mission Stations, 20.05.—Total, \$98.20.

New Orleans, May 11, 1904.

F. J. LANKENAU.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. C. Schmidt from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., \$12.00; of Rev. K. Kretschmar from Mount Zion Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. L. E. Thalley from Holy Trinity Church in Springfield, Ill., 6.75; of Rev. M. Weinhold from St. Paul's Church in Mansura, La., 10.00. St. Louis, May 16, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 7.

Sow Thy Seed.

"Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits in joy.

"God but uses thee as sower,
Puts the seed into thy hand;
Sow thou, then, let Him be mower,
Till thou reap in fatherland."

Trust in God's Word.

By trusting in God's Word the believer knows that he has forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. He knows that he is saved, and he knows it by believing what God says. His assurance is based, not on his feelings or on anything he finds in his own self, but on the sure Word of God.

A Christian merchant, having lost his way while traveling in the country, looked about him for some house where he might get food and rest. On he went until he came to a farm-house, where the kind people invited him in and made him sit down.

While the refreshment was being prepared, he looked around and noticed an old woman sitting in a corner, with a large Bible before her, and a big pair of spectacles on her nose. The milk and bread were soon before the traveler, who then bent his head to ask a blessing upon the food. The old woman in the corner thought he was examining the milk and was doubting its sweetness. She therefore said, "The milk is good, man; it's just as God sent it; drink it up, man!"

The traveler assured her he did not for a moment doubt the sweetness of the milk and would gladly "drink it up," and then asked her whether she did the same with the milk of God's Word

which she had before her in the Bible. Did she simply believe it and thus drink it up as her own?

"Yes, I hope I do," said the old lady.

"Well, then you know, of course, that all your sins are forgiven, that you have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and are just waiting for God's Son from heaven?"

"No, no," said the old lady, "I cannot say all that; I wish I could. Indeed, man, I think no one can go as far as all that."

Our friend asked her to turn to the third chapter of John's Gospel, and lovingly urged her to "drink up just as God sent it" the sixteenth verse of that chapter: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then other Scripture passages were looked at, such as, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." "God commendeth His love that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." And again, "He that believeth hath everlasting life." And, "These things were written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

Our friend earnestly begged the old lady to take these truths as from God Himself, whose words they were. They were brought home to her soul, and she began to be glad and at the same time to wonder she should have read her Bible so many years and not have seen such sweet and glorious truths before.

A happy time these two had together over that old Bible—our friend delighted to be thus used of God; and the dear old woman, with tears of joy, thanking God that she by simple faith in His Word had gained the assurance of the forgiveness of all her sins and of life everlasting.

Dear reader, have you "drunk it up just as God sent it"? I mean His Word as you find it in the Bible and as you hear it in every true Gospel sermon. That Word is no broken cistern which holds no water. It is the full, deep well of God's love to you. It is the "sincere, pure, unadulterated milk." Drink it up, just as God sent it! Trust in that Word which tells you that "God so loved the world"—that means you, for you surely belong to the world—"that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever"—mark that word *whosoever*—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Trust in God's Word, and in the face of the devil and all the enemies of your soul you may triumphantly say:

"Since God's Word cannot deceive me,
My salvation is to me
Well assured eternally."

Turn at Once.

If it is the sense of sin which does not let you be comfortable, turn at once to "Him with whom you have to do." Remember, it is not with Satan that you have to do, nor with your accusing conscience, but with Jesus. He will deal with all the rest; you only have to deal with Him. And He is your great High Priest. He has made full atonement for you, for the very sins that are weighing on you now. The blood of that atonement, His own precious blood, cleanseth us from all sin. Cleanseth whom? People that have not sinned? Thank God for the word, "cleanseth us"—us who have sinned. And you have to do with Him who shed it for your cleansing, who His own self bare your sins in His body on the tree.

Love not the World.

"When visiting a gentleman in England," says a pastor, "I observed a fine canary. When I admired its beauty, the gentleman replied, 'Yes, he is beautiful, but he has lost his voice. He used to be a fine singer, but I was in the habit of hanging his cage out of the window; the sparrows came around with their incessant chirping; gradually he ceased to sing and learned their twitter, and now all he can do is to twitter, twitter.'"

"How truly does this represent the case of many Christians! They used to delight in the songs of Zion, but they came into close contact with those whose notes never rise so high, until, at last, like the canary, they do nothing but twitter, twitter."

Christ Has Redeemed Us from the Power of the Devil.

From Holy Scripture we learn that we all were born into the devil's kingdom. Our first parents, in hearkening to the voice of the Tempter, did not only sell themselves to the devil, but also us. Through sin Adam and all the children of Adam became the devil's slaves, bound to him by chains which none of them could ever expect to break. Every person by nature lies fast bound in Satan's chains. Such is Satan's power over man since Adam and Eve succumbed to his temptation, that even if one desired to resist him, such resistance would be perfectly hopeless.

Deep gulle and great might
Are his dread arms in fight,
On earth is not his equal.

Such is his power over men, to such an extent does he steep the minds of men in delusion, that they imagine their slavery to be liberty, and kiss the hand that whirls the lash over their heads. Most deplorable was the condition of Israel in the bondage of Egypt, but far worse is the lot of man in the slavery of the devil. The slavery of Israel could but last, at most, for the period of life, but he that is a slave of the devil dare expect freedom neither in time nor in eternity; for the reward of the faithful slave of Satan is eternal bondage in the prison of hell.

From this power of the devil Christ has redeemed us. Immediately after the fall the promise already was given that the woman's Seed would destroy Satan's power over man. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Thus spoke God to Satan. And this promised Conqueror of Satan is Christ. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil," 1 John 3, 8. Through His death Christ destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. Jesus' suffering and death were a conflict with Satan; and in this battle Satan was defeated, his head was bruised, his armor taken, and nothing left him but his grim visage. While Satan may bark at us like a dog and go about like a hungry, roaring lion, he dare not bite nor devour us. He is a chained dog, a caged lion. Though his barking may frighten us and his roaring cause our hearts to tremble, yet

He can harm us none,
He's judged; the deed is done;
One little word can fell him.

Christ having atoned for our sins, for everyone of our sins, the greatest as well as the smallest, Satan can no longer accuse us before God. The crime having been expiated, the accuser no longer can present a charge against the criminal; the demands of the Law have been met and divine justice is satisfied.

But also in another sense has the devil lost his power over us. In Christ we can victoriously withstand his temptations, while before we could not but succumb to them. Since Christ's triumph over the devil our old enemy may not tempt us above what we are able to bear. Not only is the Serpent's head broken and his old prestige gone, but for us fights He who broke his head and made a show of him openly, triumphing over him. Christ's victory gives us strength successfully to withstand the assaults of Satan; let us therefore never encounter him without recollecting that great victory which Christ achieved on the tree, for relying on Christ's triumph makes us partakers of His victory and conquerors with Him. Do not, then, be afraid of Satan's devices and threats. Strive against him, but do not fear him. Resist him steadfastly, but know that he has no power to keep you out of heaven, since Christ has bruised his head and overcome the gates of hell.

Should some lust or sharp temptation
Prove too strong for flesh and blood,
Let me think upon Thy passion,
And the breach is soon made good.
Or should Satan make his way
To my heart, O let me say:
"Jesus Christ for me was wounded,"
And the Tempter flees confounded.

F. J. L.

Faith.

Faith is the eye by which we look to Jesus. A weeping eye is still an eye; a dim-sighted eye is still an eye.

Faith is the hand by which we lay hold on Jesus. A trembling hand is still a hand; and he is a believer whose heart within him trembles when he touches the hem of his Saviour's garment that he may be healed.

Faith is the tongue by which we taste how good the Lord is. A feverish tongue is nevertheless a tongue. And even then we may believe when we are without the smallest portion of comfort, for our faith is founded not upon feeling, but upon the promise of God.

Faith is the foot by which we go to Jesus. A lame foot is still a foot. He who comes slowly, nevertheless comes. — *H. Miller.*

"Souls on Board!"

During a voyage, sailing in a heavy sea, near a reef of rocks, a minister on board the vessel listened to a conversation between the man at the helm and the sailors as to whether they should be able to clear the rocks without making another tack, when the captain gave orders that they should put off, to avoid all risks.

The minister observed, "I am rejoiced that we have so careful a commander." The captain replied, "It is necessary that I should be very careful, because I have souls on board. I think of my responsibility; and should anything happen through carelessness, I should have a great deal to answer for; I wish never to forget, sir, that souls are very valuable."

The minister, turning to some of his congregation, who were upon deck with him, said, "The captain has preached me a powerful sermon; I hope I shall never forget when I am addressing my fellow creatures on the concerns of eternity, that I have souls on board!"

Resist the Devil.

An honest Christian farmer had sold a large quantity of wheat to be delivered. The man that had bought the wheat trusted the farmer's well-known honesty and left him to measure up and forward the grain. As the farmer, while measuring the wheat, filled the half-bushel and struck it off evenly, this thought each time was thrust into his mind: "*Strike a little under, and you will save a bushel before you are done.*" The farmer resisted it, and still it kept coming. At last the honest old man turned his head and said, "*Satan, if you don't let me alone, I will heap the bushel every time.*"

St. James says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

Our Glorious Saviour.

It is impossible for a man to be a Christian without having Christ, and if he has Christ, he has, at the same time, all that is in Christ. What gives peace to the conscience is, that by faith our sins are no more ours, but Christ's, upon whom God hath laid them all, and that, on the other hand, all Christ's righteousness is ours, to whom God hath given it. Christ lays His hand upon us, and we are healed. He casts His mantle upon us, and we are clothed; for He is the glorious Saviour, blessed forever. — *Luther.*

"Forgive Us Our Trespases."

The Lord's Prayer is a solemn prayer for a person to utter who is not willing to forgive and forget. It asks God to forgive us *just* as we forgive those who have injured us. An English writer describes an incident in the life of a bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt, which illustrates the necessity of a forgiving spirit in the sincere petitioner who uses the Lord's Prayer.

The bishop, whose name was John the Almsgiver, was once visited by a nobleman. In the course of conversation the nobleman declared with warmth, that he would never, to his dying day, forgive a certain man who had cruelly wronged him. Just then the bell in the bishop's private chapel rang for prayers.

Entering the chapel, the two men knelt before the altar. Presently the bishop began to repeat, in a loud voice, the Lord's Prayer, and the nobleman repeated each petition after him.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." The bishop stopped abruptly. The nobleman went on alone: "And forgive us our trespases, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Then, finding that he alone was praying, he also stopped. The bishop remained kneeling, but was silent. Suddenly the sense of the words of the petition he had uttered rushed on the nobleman's mind. He was appalled at his own prayer. Silently he rose from his knees, went forth, and, finding the man who had injured him, frankly forgave him.

One of Stonewall's Men.

Stonewall Jackson, the great Southern General, by his Christian character and godly life, made a deep impression upon the men who served under him. In illustration of this the president of a New York bank related the following incident on his return from a visit to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, where he had enjoyed the companionship of General Jordan, chief of staff to General Beauregard.

The two men found themselves at nightfall in a wild and lonely place, with no house near except a shanty occupied by the track-walker on the railroad. There, as a last resort, they took shelter.

The unprepossessing look of everything was completed when the track-walker came in and took his seat at the head of the table. A bear out of the woods could hardly have been rougher than he,

with his unshaven beard and unkempt hair. He looked like a border ruffian, the bank president thought.

As he took his seat, however, he rapped on the table, bowed his head, and began to pray. "And such a prayer!" exclaimed the bank president. "So simple, so reverent, so tender, so full of humility, penitence, and thankfulness!"

At the first opportunity the New Yorker whispered to General Jordan, "Who can he be?"

"I don't know," was the reply, but he must be one of Stonewall Jackson's old soldiers.

And so he was. As the three men walked out of doors after supper, the New Yorker, after a few questions about the country, said, "Were you in the war?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Virginian, with a smile; "I was out with old Stonewall."

Only a Step.

A person who, by birth, wealth, and education, should have been a gentleman, but was not, went to see a coal-mine. The miner who took him down was a Christian, and was much pained by the profane language used by the visitor. As they descended the shaft, they felt it getting hotter and hotter. At last the heat became so great that the visitor said, "Dear me, it is terribly hot! I wonder how far it is to hell." "I don't know the exact distance, sir," replied the Christian gravely, "but if one link of the chain gives way you'll be there in a minute!" The plain answer was the means of arousing the profane man to a sense of his perilous condition. In the case of every unconverted man there is only a step—a breath—betwixt him and death, "and after death the judgment."

How to Read the Bible.

Luther used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: First to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word; for he said: "It is like a person shaking a fruit tree; first shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. In this way, and in no other, shall we also find the *hidden treasures* that are in the Bible."—*Sel.*

Farming in Japan.

Japan is one vast garden. As you look over the fields you can imagine them toy farms where children are playing with the laws of nature and raising samples of different kinds of vegetables and grains. Everything is on a diminutive scale, and the work is extraordinarily neat and accurate. A Japanese farmer weeds his wheat field as an American gardener weeds his onion beds, and cultivates potatoes and barley with as much care as our gardeners give their asparagus beds or their flowers.

A few acres is considered a large tract of land. Most of the farms do not contain so large an area. The crops are greatly diversified. On so small a piece of land will be grown almost everything that

into little plots 25 or 30 feet square, and banks are thrown up all around them to keep the water from flowing away when they are being flooded. The water is supplied by irrigating ditches.

The farmers live in villages away from their farms, sometimes three miles distant. There are no fences, but every man knows his own land, for it has been in his own family for generations. Irrigating ditches and little paths usually are the boundary lines. In theory all lands belong to the emperor, but the greater part of that under cultivation is held by fee simple, and the title descends from father to oldest son. Sales are made and recorded, land is mortgaged, very much as in our country. The actual value of every acre is fixed upon the assessor's book for taxation purposes.



PLANTING RICE IN JAPAN.

can be grown in that soil and climate. There will be a few feet square of wheat, barley, corn, millet, perhaps a plot of beans 10 feet wide by 20 feet in length, an equal amount of potatoes and peas, a patch of onions about as big as a grave, beets, lettuce, salsify, turnips, sweet potatoes, and other varieties of roots and cereals.

The farmer looks over his growing crops every morning just as an engineer inspects his machinery. If anything is wrong he remedies it. If a weed appears in his bean patch he pulls it up; if a hill of potatoes or anything else fails it immediately is replaced. When he cuts down a tree he plants another to take its place. As one crop is harvested the soil is worked over, fertilized, and replanted with something else. All farming lands are irrigated by a system that is a thousand years old.

Perhaps nine-tenths of the agricultural land of Japan is devoted to raising rice. This crop requires a great deal of water. The fields are divided off

The official statistics show that 11,400,000 men and 10,950,000 women are engaged in agriculture, which is one-half the total population.

On rare occasions you find a man plowing with a cow or an ox, but more frequently with man or woman power. The Japanese plow is a section of the trunk or the branch of a young tree with the proper curve to it, and is all wood except a narrow pointed blade, fitted into the framework. It has but one handle. — *Ex.*

Where is Hell?

A Christian, speaking with an unbeliever, repeated the passage from the Psalms: "The wicked shall be turned into hell."

"Yes; but where is hell?" asked the scoffer.

And the reply came short, sharp, and telling: "Outside heaven."

Not Alone.

"If all my earthly friends remove,
My fondest wishes empty prove,
Still I am with my Saviour's love,
Alone—yet not alone.

"Whate'er may now to me betide,
I have a place wherein to hide,
By faith 'tis e'en at His blest side,
Alone—yet not alone."

The Little Loaf.

In the time of a famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them, "There stands a crate full of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times."

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest; and they finally went off without a word of thanks.

Only Francisca, a clean, but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, then took the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man, and went quietly and becomingly home.

On the next day the children were equally ill-mannered, and Francisca this time had a loaf which was scarcely half as large as the others; but when she reached home and her mother broke the bread, there fell out quite a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened, and said, "Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident."

Francisca did as she was bid, but the benevolent man said to her, "No, no; it was not an accident. I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied."

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.

John Wiseacre.

John Wiseacre had just come to his village home from the university. He was very proud of the little learning he had, and looked with pity upon those who still believed the Bible and attended church on Sundays. He one day tried to convince an old farmer that many things in the Bible must give way before the advance of modern science. He assured him that astronomy, geology, and higher criticism had found many errors in the

Bible, and that no intelligent person now believes in the literal truth of the Old Testament stories.

Finding the old farmer unmoved, he at last said with some impatience: "You will admit that it was at least very strange for an ass to open his mouth and speak like a man, as we read in one of the Old Testament stories."

"No, John," replied the old Christian farmer, "I don't think it was very strange; for it was not a bit stranger than for a man to open his mouth and speak like an ass, as you are doing now when speaking against the Word of the almighty God."

That settled John Wiseacre, but it made him no wiser. To an old Christian grandmother, who spoke with him about his not going to church, he said, "We know nothing of a personal God among the facts of consciousness and nature."

"Don't you?" replied grandmother as she looked at him a long time in compassion through her large spectacles. "I'm sorry for you," she then added, "but I hope you'll not put your ignorance in the place of other people's knowledge. Bless the Lord, there are some other people who do know something of a personal God."

That settled John Wiseacre, and he did not again try to show off his little learning among the simple Christian village folks.

A Forgiving Christian.

A settler in South Africa, who lived some distance up the country, one day found a native lurking round his stable. He accused the man of trying to steal a horse. The captive reiterated his innocence, and explained that he was going home to his kraal. Despite his frantic struggles and efforts to escape, the poor Kaffir was dragged to a tree, and there, with one blow of an ax, his right hand was severed from its wrist.

It was about three months after this tragic event that the settler found himself benighted while still far away from home. He came to a Kaffir hut and asked for admission. A tall native desired him to enter, and food was placed before him. Next morning, when he arose to depart, his host confronted him, and, holding up his arm, asked the white man if he knew it. The squatter turned pale; the hand was gone! He knew he had been at the mercy of the man he had treated so cruelly. The Kaffir continued, "You were in my power; I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has maimed you for life,' but I replied, 'No, I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'"

Immanuel College Wishes to Be Remembered to You and by You.

No doubt, our many friends, who are interested in the spreading of the Gospel among all nations, and daily pray and labor that our dear Evangelical Lutheran Zion will grow and prosper in her glorious work among the Afro-American people of this land, would like to hear something of the Immanuel College which was begun some time ago for the instruction of our Afro-American youths, and to whose subsistence they have so liberally contributed.

In the last week in May Immanuel College closed for its summer vacation. The writer had the pleasure of being present at the closing exercises, and, indeed, it was a pleasure. The exercises were largely attended by people of various denominations and races, who were loud and liberal in their praises and commendations. The exercises demonstrated, among other things, what the Afro-American youths are capable of if put under the proper training. The Lutherans of North Carolina have begun to look with pride on the institution, which promises to be a blessing, a source of strength, not only to the Church, but to the race as such. I only express the feeling of all when I say that Immanuel College is the thing we ought to have had long ago. May the Lord bless her, and may she be a blessing to generations yet unborn.

During the summer the missionaries will work with might and main to swell the number of students for next year, but there is a great want which they hope to see supplied before that time, and that is the need of a building, or the want of better accommodations. *This need is great*, and may the PIONEER help sound it into the ears of all. Immanuel College needs an adequate building. When Rev. Bakke was authorized to take charge of the school, he began in the upper story of the schoolhouse belonging to Grace Congregation, and the school has been held there ever since. The number of students has been steadily increasing, and that room is inadequate to accommodate such a body. The one room was used for lecture-room and dormitory, and the boys scarcely had elbow room. Its inadequacy was keenly felt already last term by teachers and students, and will be felt all the more this term, if the boys are crowded into that room, as the number of students will be greatly increased by then.

The need, then, is *great*. Who will help? May the Lord open many hands and hearts for this cause. Reader, while praying for the spread of the

Gospel, put into your prayer a petition for blessings upon Immanuel College, and don't forget to remember her with your gifts. As the meeting of Synodical Conference will soon take place, we hope that Immanuel College may have many strong and warm advocates there who will do all they can toward supplying the above-mentioned want. S. D.

Meeting of Immanuel Conference.

Immanuel Conference held its sessions in the midst of St. Paul Congregation in Charlotte, N. C., May 6 to 8. Various doctrines were discussed, among them a number that are distinctively Lutheran. Both ministers and lay members took a great interest in the proceedings. A large number of visiting Lutherans from other stations attended the meetings, and when Conference closed, all left for their homes edified and strengthened in the faith. The next meeting will be held at Salisbury, N. C., this fall. THEO. BUCH.

A Dollar for Missions.

In a German village, near Bremen, lived a poor workingwoman who loved the Lord. Her husband was a good-for-nothing and drank up his wages. So she had to work all the harder to help keep the family. Nevertheless, she managed to save a dollar each year for missions. Suddenly her husband died and left her nothing but debts. When she wanted to give her dollar for missions the next year, her pastor told her that would not do, first she must pay her debts. She left feeling sad at heart.

About three months later, the pastor was walking along the street, when he heard a voice calling, "Pastor! Pastor!" As he turned about he saw a boy running up to him with a coin in his hand. The pastor recognized him at once—it was the widow's son.

"Pastor, here is a dollar for missions," said the boy, his face beaming with joy.

"No, no, my boy, take the dollar back to your mother, I cannot take it."

"But, dear pastor, the dollar is not from my mother; it is my own."

"How did you get so much money?" he asked earnestly.

"Oh, my mother was so sad because she could give nothing for missions, so I thought I must do it for her. I went into the woods picking berries and in this way I earned penny after penny, and look, Pastor, now I have a whole dollar."—*Kindergabe*.

Statistical View of the Religious Condition of the World.

In a pamphlet recently issued by the Board of Foreign Missions are found the following statistics:

THE WORLD—Total population of the world, estimated, 1,500,000,000. Nominal Christians, 500,000,000. Non-Christians, 1,000,000,000. Native Christians—Protestant adherents in non-Christian countries and tribes, 4,514,592. Protestant missionaries, 18,164. Native workers, 78,350. Students in Christian schools, 1,051,466.

EASTERN ASIA—Japan, China, Korea, Thibet, and Siam. Total population, 454,000,000. Missionaries, 3862, or one to every 118,000 people. Native workers, 8637. Protestant adherents, 307,761. Students in Christian schools, 57,466.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN ASIA—India, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, Arabia. Total population, 343,696,104. Missionaries, 4989, or one to every 70,000 people. Native workers, 30,222. Protestant adherents, 1,356,339. Students in Christian schools, 492,716.

THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA—Total population, 150,000,000. Missionaries, 3051, or one to every 50,000 people. Native workers, 15,732. Adherents, 851,180. Pupils, 205,047.

THE COUNTRIES AT OUR DOORS—Mexico and Central and South America. Total population, 54,595,562. Missionaries, 994, or one to every 55,000 people. Native workers, 1927. Adherents, 142,308. Pupils, 29,287.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA—The Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the South Seas, Madagascar. Total population, 49,138,356. Missionaries, 1062, or one to every 46,000 people. Native workers, 11,706. Adherents, 652,651. Pupils, 267,097.

A Blind Helper.

One of the best boys in the High School of the Basel Mission at Keti on the Blue Mountains (Nilgiri) in South India is blind Adolphus. The older boys are sent two and two to teach Sunday school in the villages round about Keti. Adolphus goes along, and plays his violin, sings a hymn, and to the great astonishment of the heathen reads a lesson from the New Testament. He learned to read in a Bible for the blind at Palamcotta, where some English missionaries maintain an institution for the blind. The native preacher likes to take him along on his preaching tours, for he has pleasant ways

about him, and is always ready to play his violin and to raise his melodious voice in praise of the Saviour. — *Ex.*

An Ancient Inscription.

In the ancient cathedral of Luebeck, Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription:

Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord, to us:
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and see me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not.

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Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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None Other Name.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Acts 4, 12.

Is thy heart of sin aweary?
Jesus is the sinner's Friend.
Do thy faithless friends forsake thee?
Jesus' love is without end.
Thou wilt seek in vain for rest
Elsewhere than the Saviour's breast.
Dost thou doubt if God doth love thee?
Hark! and let thy doubts be done:
"God so loved the world" of sinners,
"That He gave His only Son,"
That whoe'er in Him believe
Might eternal life receive.
Dost thou think, "Ah! well, perhaps so;
But there's time enough for me"?
This is only Satan's whisper,
He'd be fain detaining thee.
Every hour that passeth by
Brings thee near eternity.
Friend, I pray thee cease this folly,
And this trifling with thy God.
Jesus waits, with love and mercy,
Pleading still His own life's blood,
How He died that thou mightst be
Glad for all eternity.
Jesus is the blessed Saviour,
And His heart is e'er the same,
His the love, the power, that saves us;
And "there is none other name"
Which on earth has e'er been given
Whereby we may enter heaven. H. M.

"Just Trust It."

A preacher was making a pastoral visit to an old Scotch woman, who had for a long time been trying to be saved, but who could find no peace be-

cause she would not simply trust in the work of Christ. Her cottage could be reached only by passing over a rapid brook that was bridged by a single plank. At first the preacher feared to step upon the plank, but the woman, seeing his hesitation, hurried from the door with the cry, "Just trust it." He did trust it, and in a moment stood by her side. "Woman," he then said, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin; just trust it." She did trust it, and no longer trying to save herself, but trusting simply and fully in the work of Christ, she found peace, and her peace was like a river.

It is the work of Christ that saves us. Not the work of Christ and something added, but the work of Christ alone. The sinner that trusts it has peace and salvation. But he must trust in the Saviour's work only, not in Christ's work and also in his own work. If there are two planks laid across a stream, one of which is sound and the other rotten, he who tries to walk on both will as certainly fall into the water as if neither were strong enough to bear his weight. So he who partly trusts in Christ's work, and partly in his own work, partly in the righteousness of Christ, and partly in his own righteousness, will surely fail of eternal life. "I am the Way," says Christ. And His apostle says, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Christ is the *only* way, and He is *all* the way to heaven. His blood cleanseth from *all* sin; He paid *all* the debt we owe; He suffered *all* the punishment we deserved; He did *all* the work God required to be done, "that He might be just, and the Justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." Therefore Christ is the only way and *all* the way to heaven. They that trust in His work only are on the way to everlasting life. It is not by man's work,

it is not by good feelings, it is not by shouting and jumping and screaming that man is saved, but by trusting in the work of the Saviour. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Just trust it! The moment you trust it you are cleansed from all sin and are made a child of God and an heir of heaven.

Paid For.

A poor old woman, bowed with age and infirmity, and almost crippled with rheumatism, was helped into a seat in a car by the conductor. The car soon filled and started on its way. In a few minutes the man came in with his customary, "Fares, please," and collected the fares. But before he reached the old lady, a kind old gentleman, who was an officer of the road and need not pay for himself, handed a fare to the collector, saying, "That is for the old lady opposite." As the collector passed her by, he said, "You are already paid for."

No doubts troubled the poor, needy woman. Freely as the gift was offered she with a simple "Thank you" accepted the payment made for her.

So the sinner must thankfully accept the payment made for him by the Saviour. Christ, the Lord of all, who owed nothing for Himself, paid for us all that we owed with His own precious blood. Payment has been made for all sinners. Those who reject this payment are thrown into the prison of hell and must remain there until they pay the last farthing, which they can never do. But those who thankfully accept the payment made for them by Christ enjoy the freedom from all debts.

To my dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set.
My Saviour paid for me the debt.

Strange.

There are unbelievers who say that the reason why they do not become Christians is that there are hypocrites in the church. How strange! Suppose there are hypocrites in the church, what of it? Hypocrites won't be in heaven, but in hell when the judgment is concluded. And if man refuses Christ, no matter what may be his reason, he will be in hell, and then he and the hypocrites will be together. He that refuses to become a Christian on account of the hypocrites says in effect: "Rather than be a Christian and member of the church in

which there are some hypocrites with whom I must live in outward fellowship for a few years, I will reject Christ, lose my own soul, and live with the hypocrites in hell forever." Strange, very strange!

Wherewith Christ Redeemed Us.

We speak of Jesus Christ as our "Redeemer" and say that He has "redeemed" us. These words imply a "buying," and therefore our Catechism says that Christ has *purchased* us from sin, death, and the power of the devil. But the word "redeem" means even more than "buying," it implies a "buying back." Sin is a slavery, sinners are the bondsmen of Satan and death. From this manifold slavery Christ the Redeemer has redeemed the sinner. Jesus paid an all-sufficient ransom, and thus delivered us from the dreadful tyrant sway of sin, death, and the devil. The apostle says, "Ye are bought with a price."

What was the price Christ paid for our liberty, what ransom did He give for our souls? Christ did not redeem us with corruptible, perishable things, such as silver and gold (1 Pet. 1, 18, 19). Gold and silver have great value, we speak of them as precious metals, and when properly used much good may be done with them; but they are not precious enough to buy human souls. All the gold and silver in the world would not be sufficient to free one human soul from sin, death, and the devil. Gold and silver are perishable, but the punishment of sin is eternal. Because of sin we were doomed to everlasting slavery; no corruptible, no perishable, no finite ransom could therefore deliver us. The ransom for our souls must be infinite.

Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace:
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

Wherewith did Christ, then, redeem us? With His holy, precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death (1 Pet. 1, 18, 19. Is. 53, 4, 5). While all that Christ did and suffered for us, His whole active and passive obedience, served to bring about our redemption, there is nothing that so much shows the enormity of the price which the redemption of our souls cost as does the shedding of the precious blood of Christ, as a Lamb without blemish and without spot.

But was it absolutely necessary that blood should flow and that the Lord give His life for our redemption? Could not the merciful and gracious God forgive sin without that? No, for God is holy and

hates sin; He is just and must punish sin; He is true and has threatened to punish the transgressor. Therefore every transgression must first be atoned for before it can be forgiven. "Without shedding of blood is no remission," Hebr. 9, 22.

That the people of Israel might be constantly reminded of the necessity of atonement for sin God instituted the sacrifices of the Old Testament. The sacrificial victim, be it a lamb, goat, bullock, or dove, took the place of the sinner, whose blood should have flowed. To show that only the pure could atone for the impure, the sacrificial victim must be without blemish. He that brought the sacrifice laid his hand upon the victim's head, confessed his sins, and thus symbolically imposed his sins upon the sacrifice. The blood of the sacrifice was then sprinkled upon the altar. The most important sacrifice was offered by the high priest on the great Day of Atonement. With the blood of the sacrifice he entered the Holy of Holies, sprinkled the mercy seat seven times, and implored the forgiveness of God for the whole people.

All this was done that the people might retain a sense of their guilt and to point them to Christ, of whom all the sacrifices of the Old Covenant were but types. The sacrificial victims were the substitutes of the sinners. But

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

Man had sinned, therefore man must atone for sin. That God's Son might atone for man's sin, He took upon Himself our flesh and blood and suffered and died as our Substitute. And this suffering and death of Christ was an all-sufficient ransom for our souls, since His blood was *holy* and *precious*.

The blood of Christ is *holy* blood, for it is the blood of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. Never did holy blood flow but on Calvary. Christ knew of no sin, He was holy and pure. But God made Him to be sin, that is, He imputed to Him our sins, and then punished Him as though He were the sinner. Christ bore the whole wrath of God in our stead. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed," Is. 53, 4. 5.

Christ's blood was the blood of God's Son, and therefore it was *precious*. Infinite was man's guilt, but infinite is the price wherewith man was bought,

for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1, 7. Being the blood of God's Son it is sufficient to wipe away the whole guilt of man.

Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
O matchless price! This precious blood
For vile, rebellious traitors shed.

Surely, we have been bought with a price! How thankful we should be to Him who has at such great cost redeemed us and made us His own! "Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's," 1 Cor. 6, 20.

F. J. L.

A Useless Member.

The following story, from an exchange, may be used as a parable and applied as needed. "Yes," said Aunt Sarah, surveying her bandaged wrist, "the doctor says it's a bad sprain; and the minister says I know now how the church feels, in not having the use of all its members. The minister didn't mean that just for a joke, either; he looked at me as if he wanted to see how I'd take it. I had sense enough, too, to feel I deserved to have him say it for me. A word like that comes home pretty straight when one of your own members is useless and worse.

"I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, though I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favor, my doing it at all, and half the time I let some one else do it instead. When I was through with work at home, and with what things I liked to do outside, then I was willing to do something in the church—if it was the kind of work that suited me. I guess I've been about as useless a member to the church as the sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two.

"There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that's certain. That's the way the minister felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member for thirty-five years, that's the long and short of it; and, if the rest of the members had been like me, the church would have been as paralyzed as old cousin Josiah Jones, who can't move hand nor foot. I'm ashamed of myself—I truly am—and things are going to be different from now on," and Aunt Sarah nodded her head with a firm determination as she looked at the church spire from her window.

A Mississippi Pilot.

Many years ago we met the pilot in the study of his pastor, who, later on, told us the story of his life.

When the pilot began his career on a Mississippi steamboat, he was a wild, reckless, profane, fighting, and drunken young fellow. He married a woman as wicked as himself. She had been an inmate of a house of ill fame, and perhaps he was drunk when he married her and soon after repented of his folly. At all events he treated her harshly. Bitterly disappointed and unhappy in her married life, she was led to attend a Gospel service where she heard a sermon on the text, "God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace are ye saved); and hath raised us together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," Eph. 2, 4-6. The Holy Spirit carried the word home to her heart and conscience.

She sought the preacher, who told her that the mercy of God could not stoop lower than when He sent His Son to the depth of her ruin, nor could it lift her higher than when it promised to raise her and make her sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Jesus was proclaimed to her as having died for her sins and as having redeemed her with His own precious blood. She bowed humbly and gratefully at the foot of the cross, saved by grace, and receiving peace through believing.

Not long after, she came to her pastor, weeping bitterly, telling him that her husband was on his way up the river, that she dreaded his presence, for he beat her cruelly. The pastor asked her whether she could reach him with a letter before he came home. She replied that she could. "Then sit down at my table," he said, "and ask him to be kind enough to send me word before he whips you. Tell him I have never seen a man whip a woman. So he is not to strike you a blow until he has me in the house."

The pilot himself called on the preacher, on his return home, and said: "You know I would not do such a thing, unless I was drunk." "Just so," said the pastor, "and don't you see what a brute and ruffian sin makes of you, when you beat a defenseless woman? Does your wife give you any cause for jealousy?" "Not the slightest," he answered. "Does she behave in every respect like a Christian lady?" "She certainly does; and I have never seen such a change in woman." "What changed her?" asked the pastor. "I do not know," he replied.

"The grace of God," said the pastor, "and it can change you."

The poor fellow at first thought he was too great a sinner. But he was told that he could not be worse than dead in sins, worse than the chief of sinners, and that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Through the Gospel he came to faith and joy in his Saviour.

From that time he, too, was changed. Peace reigned in his home. The profane man took God's name in vain no more. The drunkard became sober. The brutal husband was kind and gentle; and the ruffian, always ready for fight, was ever afterwards forbearing, as he went forward in his life so full of temptations, trusting in the Lamb, and "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." He said over and over again, "My wife was the saving of me," and he never ceased to tell his friends of the blessing she had been to his soul.

A remarkable thing about him was his intense love for God's Word. He had a Bible by his side in the pilot house for fifteen years. It was a witness to those who came about him that he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. While holding his wheel as the boat glided over the dark bosom of the river in the silent night, he often sang some Gospel hymn in praise of his Saviour.

In his dying hour he trusted fully in the finished work of Christ for salvation and departed in peace. His funeral was attended by a large number of river men. As they looked for the last time upon his peaceful face, it was touching to hear their remarks about his quiet, consistent, and faithful Christian life. A few years later his wife followed him across the river, resting on the infinite love of Jesus. Those who knew their early history, and the beginning of their married experience, and then watched their later life, saw the wonderful mercy that stoops to the deepest need, and praised the grace of God which saves the greatest of sinners.

"Walk as Children of the Light."

A blind man carrying a lantern at night in the streets of a city was met by an old acquaintance, who said: "Why do you carry a light? You can't see; the lantern won't keep you from stumbling over anybody."

"No," said the old man, "but I carry the lantern to keep people from stumbling over me."

Walk so that no one will stumble over you. The apostle says to Christians: "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light," Eph. 5, 8.

A Zulu Village.

Our picture presents a Zulu village in Africa. A Zulu village is made up of a series of huts like huge beehives, placed in circles, the cattle-pen being in the center. The huts are about ten feet in diameter and five feet high. The single hole through which entrance must be made serves for door, window, and chimney. No tables, no chairs, no beds are to be seen, only a few mats, and pots,

The Idolater Mistrusts His Idol.

Some years ago, when there was a great famine in China, it became the duty of the Governor to go daily to the temple and make offerings to appease the wrath of the god and get rain. The mandarin was a fat man, to whom exertion was painful. To go to the temple he had to make his way with great effort up a steep hill. As the weather was very hot he made the visit two days with much discomfort,



A ZULU VILLAGE.

and blankets. The people sit and sleep on the ground.

The Zulus are very superstitious. Their ideas of religion are very extremely low and debased. Their faith is in witchcraft, in goblins to be feared and appeased, and in ancestral spirits to be worshiped. Lutheran missionaries have been laboring among the Zulus, and many of them have been brought to the knowledge of the true God and their Saviour Jesus Christ.

“THE death of the believer is nothing but pure grace, yea, the beginning of life.”—*Luther.*

and then declared he would not do it again. He had the idol brought out of the temple and dragged into the blazing sun to his residence. “Now,” said he, as he gave due homage in coolness and comfort, “he knows how hot it is.”

The Governor did not trust his god; he believed him to be without sympathy, and so had him subjected to the discomfort he had endured, to force him to answer his prayer more quickly.

The Christian only has a loving Father whom he knows to be full of sympathy, and whom he may ask in prayer with all boldness and confidence, as dear children ask their dear father.

Where the Saviour Leadeth Me.

When the days are dark and dreary,
And the light of hope is gone,
And my soul would fain grow weary
Ere the work of life be done,
Then speaks a voice to me:
"As thy day thy strength shall be."
And, trusting, I will follow
Where the Saviour leadeth me.

Whene'er the sky is lowering,
And earth is filled with gloom,
And the mists of doubt o'erpowering
Hide all beyond the tomb,
Then the promise comes to me,
Of pardon full and free,
And, trusting still, I follow
Where the Saviour leadeth me.

Punished Together.

A missionary in India, after one day speaking to a crowd of natives on the banks of the river Ganges, was addressed by a Brahmin as follows:

"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?"

"Indeed," answered the missionary.

"Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment."

While the faces of many of the natives showed that they agreed with the Brahmin, the missionary, observing a boat with several persons on board coming down the river, replied, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat; who ought to suffer the punishment—I, for instructing them, or they, for doing this wicked act?"

"Why," answered the Brahmin, with alacrity, "you ought all to be put to death together."

"Just so," replied the missionary, "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

Arrested by Song.

An old mountaineer, familiarly known among the mountain people as "Old man Kline," was very angry with a young fellow for marrying his daughter without the father's consent. Determined to kill him, he hid near the place of a "gathering" which the young man would be sure to attend.

While he was there waiting, two little girls from a mission day-school went by singing,

"Jesus died for all mankind,
Jesus died for me."

The old man had perhaps never heard of all mankind, but accustomed to the name "Old man Kline," he mistook the words, and thought the children were singing, "Jesus died for *Old man Kline*." He was arrested in his murderous plan, and instead of the double murder (for had he killed the young man, in turn the young man's relatives, according to mountain custom, would have probably killed him) this man found a Saviour in the Jesus who *had* truly died for "Old man Kline."

A Dying Cardinal's Lamentation.

Cardinal Mazarin, the greatest minister of Louis XIV in France, afforded in his last hours a striking and melancholy illustration of the apostolic statement, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." A courtier, loitering without leave in the apartments of the sick statesman, heard a slippered foot dragging itself with difficulty along the carpet of an adjoining room, and hastily hid himself behind some tapestry. He saw Mazarin creep feebly in, awaiting the summons of the angel of death, who was about to transfix him with his fatal dart, and gaze around, little suspecting that he was himself being watched. From all sides shone on him the art treasures he had collected—the only objects except wealth and power he was capable of caring for. He looked on them long and regretfully; his eye wandered from picture to picture, from statue to statue, till at last his anguish vented itself in words. "I must leave all that. What pains it cost me to acquire these things: I shall never see them where I am going!" The courtier, Count Louis de Brienne, whose ears caught that dying groan, remembered the speech, and when Mazarin was dead, put it in print, unconsciously as a warning to all those who lay up treasures for themselves, but are not rich toward God.

A Peaceful Death.

Alexander Cruden, well known as the author of a valuable Bible Concordance, was very poor. What little profit came from his book he gave away. When about seventy years of age he was found at his humble lodgings kneeling by his chair, his Bible open before him, his face calm and peaceful, but his spirit gone to God.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

CONCORD, N. C.—Grace congregation recently added several members to its roll: two adults with family of seven children, one adult and four young people by confirmation, two of the latter from our day school. The pastor, Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, is instructing another class of 9 catechumens.

In the death of Paul Miller, one of our faithful members, the congregation suffered a great loss.
H. L. P.

NEW LABORERS.—Among this year's graduates of our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill., are two of our colored students, who will enter our North Carolina mission field. May God richly bless their labor among the people of their race.

GOD LOVED THE WORLD.—In his recent report our Lutheran city missionary at Milwaukee, Wis., writes: Some weeks ago a colored man, who is very anxious about his salvation, asked me, "Pastor, is it true that we colored people cannot get to heaven?" I replied, "No, that is not true; for we read John 3, 16: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' To this world of sinners not only the white people belong, but also the colored people." This colored man's desire to hear and learn God's Word is great, and still greater is his joy over the comfort contained in that Word.

HOW HE LOST HIS CHURCH.—An English missionary, who had spent much time among the Eskimos, tells an amusing story of how he built a church and how he lost it. When his flock reached sufficient size he had a church built. It was eighteen feet long by twelve feet wide, and was made of seal-skins stretched over light framework, the whole banked with snow. It had been in existence but a short time when the dogs discovered that it was edible. They scratched the snow away, and, between two Sundays, ate the church, at least its covering, up.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.—A blind man in Madras, India, used to repeat some of the first chapters of St. John's Gospel. When he was asked how he had been able to learn them, he said that a little boy who had been taught in a mission school had read these chapters aloud to him so many times that he had learned them by heart. The little boy had finally left the village, but not one word of those precious chapters had the man forgotten.

INDIAN MISSIONS.—In the year 1899 the Lutheran Wisconsin Synod began mission work among the Indians in Arizona. The work has been richly blessed in church and schools. 72 Indians have been baptized. At present there are four laborers in that important mission field.

A LARGE PARISH.—Probably the largest parish in the Protestant world is that of the Lutheran pastor of Irkutsk in East Siberia. During the past year this pastor looked after the scattered members of his flock in thirty-six villages, some of which are 1000 kilometers distant from each other. In his visits he traveled upward of 20,000 kilometers. A kilometer is some less than two-thirds of a mile.

PRACTICAL.—A Scotch missionary in addressing an audience at Edinburgh declared that if the ladies of that city would give him the cost of only that portion of their silk dresses which swept the streets, as they walked, he would, with that, promise to support all his mission schools in India.

MADE GOOD USE OF HIS IDOLS.—An exchange says: "A missionary in Travancore, India, saw, one morning, a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it, he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols. 'What have you brought these here for?' asked the missionary; 'I don't want them.' 'You have taught us that we do not want them, sir,' said the native; 'but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?' The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer."

♦ ♦ ♦

Among the Indians.

Bishop Whipple loved the Indians under his care. In return, they respected him loyally. He has left many narratives concerning them, one of which is here given, as taken from *Lights and Shadows*:

Rev. Lord Charles Harvey paid me a visit to learn about our Indian missions. He went with me to White Earth, where I consecrated the church of St. Columba and confirmed a large class. The Indian women had prepared a forest feast for us, and, unknown to me, a pantomime for my friend. We were sitting on the greensward in front of a log house when the chief, Wahbonaquot, said to me:

"Your friend comes from across the great water; would he like to know the history of my people?"

Lord Charles said he should be very glad to hear it, and the chief began:

"Before the white man came the forests and prairies were full of game, the lakes and rivers were full of fish, and the wild rice was everywhere—the gift of Manitou to his red children. I will show you some of my people as they were before the white man came."

He clapped his hands and the door of the log house opened, and a man and woman appeared, fine specimens of the free-born native American, dressed in skins ornamented with colored porcupine quills, and with brilliant feathers in their hair.

"These are my people before the white man came," said the chief. "Shall I show you what the white man did for us? He told us that we had no houses, no fire-horses, no fire-canoes, no books, and that if we would give him our land he would make us like white men. He had a forked tongue. This is what he did for us."

He again clapped his hands, and then appeared in the doorway a wretched-looking Indian in tattered blanket, without leggings, and by his side a miserable woman in a ragged gown.

"O Manitou!" cried the chief, "are these my people? How came it?"

The man drew a black bottle from under his blanket, and answered:

"Ish-ko-te-wabo (fire water), the gift of the white man."

Turning to Lord Charles, the chief continued:

"I would not have told you this, but there is more to tell. Many moons ago a palefaced man came to see us. We hated white men, and would not listen to his words. Each year when the sun was so high we saw this white man coming through the forest. One day I called my people in council. I said:

"Why does this paleface come to see us? He does not trade; he does not ask anything of us; perhaps the Great Spirit has sent him. Our ears must be open." We then listened to his story; we took it to our hearts. This is what it has done for us."

He clapped his hands, and a manly young Indian clergyman in clerical clothes appeared, and by his side a gentle woman in a neat gray gown.

"My friends," said the chief, "there is only one religion that can lift a man from the mire and tell him to call the Great Spirit Father, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ."

A skeptical friend who was with me grasped my hand and exclaimed:

"Bishop, all the arguments which I have ever read in defense of Christianity are not equal to what I have seen to-day."

Harold's Five Cent Piece.

"Mamma," said little Harold, "I want to give my five cent piece to God."

"How do you propose to carry out your wish, my dear?" said his mother.

"I shall put it into the missionary box. John Lester wanted me to buy a pack of powder crackers and then go shares with him. I told him I hated to burn up the money, for then it's all gone. If I give it to God, He takes care to have it do something good, and the good lasts forever."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

MANUAL OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. With numerous illustrations, explanations, calisthenic songs, and games. Arranged by F. Recklin, Professor in Addison Seminary. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 70 cts.

Parents and teachers who have at heart also the bodily well-being of their children and pupils will welcome this eminently practical book of 145 pages with its many helpful and suggestive exercises.

Acknowledgment.

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St. Louis, July 15, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalloy, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 9.

The Soul's Refuge.

Cross of Christ, my Refuge!
Cross of Christ, my Peace!
As the nights grow longer,
As the days decrease,
Draw me closer, closer,
Till temptations cease.

Be my one Companion,
Be my only Guide,
Be my strength in weakness
When the flesh is tried;
Shield me from the tempter;
Turn the world aside.

Harriet Kimball.

The Greatest of All Sins.

A young man became very unhappy about his sins, and could find no peace of mind. In his distress he went to an aged pastor of much experience to see if there could be any hope for one so bad as he. He showed the pastor a written list of his sins, as many as he could remember, classified according to the Ten Commandments.

The pastor glanced his eye over the sad list, and then returned the paper, saying: "My young friend, you have forgotten to put down on this paper one great sin which I believe to be worse than all these."

"Pray what is it?" asked the young man eagerly.

"It is," replied the pastor, "the sin of unbelief—the sin of not bringing all these sins to the Lord Jesus and getting forgiveness for them."

The young man had not thought of *that* as being a sin.

Yet the Bible treats that sin, the sin of unbelief, as the greatest of all sins. It is the damning sin, the sin which leads to everlasting punishment. When the Lord Jesus speaks of the world's being

convicted of sin, it is BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE NOT ON HIM, John 16, 9. And remember, they who believe not on Him, "shall be *damned*," Mark 16, 16. They are under God's wrath; for it is written: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on Him," John 3, 36. In Christ there is salvation from God's wrath, but the unbeliever rejects this salvation, and so God's wrath abides on him. Therefore Luther says: "No man shall die in his sins, except he who, through unbelief, thrusts from him the forgiveness of sin which in the name of Jesus is offered to him."

Through the sacrifice of His own Son God has made provision for the blotting out of all our guilt and sinfulness, and in the Gospel He invites all sinners to come and accept of a free pardon on the ground of what Christ has done for them. The unbeliever commits the greatest of all sins by rejecting the Gospel and treating God as a liar. The Bible says: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son," 1 John 5, 10. What a great sin is this unbelief! Not to believe the word of a holy and faithful God, but to treat Him as a liar! To think that worms of the dust should thus insult the great God! That is, indeed, the greatest of all sins—the sin of not believing "the record which God gave of His Son." It is the sin which leads to everlasting damnation.

There is only one way of salvation. The unbeliever will not walk in it. There is only one fountain open for sin and uncleanness. The unbeliever will not wash in it and be clean. There is only one righteousness presented to sinners that will justify them from all guilt. It is the righteousness of Christ offered to every sinner in the Gospel without money and without price. The unbeliever will not accept it.

There is only one name given among men whereby we must be saved. It is the name of Jesus. The unbeliever despises this name, rejects the only Saviour, and rushes into everlasting damnation.

Beware of unbelief—the greatest of all sins! In the Gospel there is a free offer of present pardon, fullness of joy, and everlasting life. Of what madness and folly is he guilty who rejects all this, and prefers death and damnation! What a great sin does he commit who treats as a lie the Gospel message, the record that God gave of His Son! “He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son,” 1 John 5, 10.

Beware of this sin of unbelief—the greatest of all sins!

Saving the Lost.

Christ came that He might save the lost. When a sinner has come to the end of himself, when he takes the place of one utterly lost, then God can deal with him in grace, and give him life. Christ came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance.

“Why did you not rush after your friend when he fell into the water?” someone was asked, and the reply was made, “He was trying to save himself; if I had gone to him at first, then both of us might have been lost. I waited till he had come to the end of his own strength, and then it was possible for me to save him.”

You understand. When a man takes his place as one who is lost, and gives up all his self-righteousness, and finds himself under sentence of death and damnation, then he is thankful to be saved by grace through faith in Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost.

The Means of Grace.

God's grace and salvation is brought to man in the Word of God and in the holy Sacraments. These are called the means of grace. In them grace comes to man, and through them the Holy Spirit does His work for the salvation of sinners. It is wicked folly to speak to sinners of grace, and forgiveness and salvation without telling them where they may find these precious gifts.

Dr. Luther says: “Some fanatical people have much to say of God, of forgiveness of sins, of divine grace, and of the death of Christ. But of the means whereby a man may have Christ and whereby

grace comes to a man, so that a man obtains grace and so that grace and sin are brought together, they know nothing; and they tell us that all this is done by the Spirit without means, and that the external oral word, Baptism, and Sacrament can accomplish nothing. It is like telling a man of some great treasure and speaking very highly of it, but at the same time hiding the key and destroying the bridges by which the treasure is reached.”

Punishment of Unbelief.

When people were drowned in the days of Noah, it was because of unbelief. They did not believe Noah when he preached about the coming judgment, and would not take refuge from the wrath to come. When the Israelites died in the wilderness, and were shut out of the promised land, it was because of their unbelief. They would not believe what God had said. Therefore the Lord swore in His wrath that “they should not enter into His rest,” Hebr. 3, 10—19. And why is Jerusalem now desolate, and the Jews scattered over the whole world? Because they would not believe in Jesus; they would not accept Him as their promised Saviour. This was their great and damning sin; and this is the great and damning sin of men yet.

The Christian.

Luther thus describes the Christian:

“A Christian is a child of God, a brother of Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost, an heir of the kingdom, a companion of the angels, a lord of the world, and a partaker of the divine nature. The Christian's honor is Christ in heaven, and Christ's honor is a Christian on earth. He is a dear child of God, clothed in Christ's righteousness, living in holy fear and cheerful obedience before the Father. He shines as a light in the world and as a rose among the thorns. He is a wonderfully beautiful creature of God's grace, in whom the holy angels rejoice and whom they continually accompany with joy. He is a miracle to the world, a terror to the devils, an ornament to the Church, a desire of heaven.”

She Did What She Could.

A poor woman said: “I have no money to give to missions, but I can speak of the Saviour to my neighbor.”

The State of Exaltation.

During the past months we have considered the humiliation of our Saviour and the work of redemption which He performed in the State of Humiliation. We shall proceed to consider our Saviour's exaltation. We shall see Him no longer poor and lowly, but clothed with divine power and majesty. It is the same Jesus, but with the sepulchral shrouds He has cast off His lowliness and presents Himself as the mighty victor over all His enemies.

In His epistle to the Philippians Paul, after describing Christ's State of Humiliation, proceeds to speak of the Saviour's glorification: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father," Phil. 2, 9—11.

The same Jesus who so deeply humiliated Himself is now highly exalted. Having humbled Himself for us unto death upon the cross and having thus redeemed us, God has now exalted and glorified our Saviour above every thing, and given Him glory, honor, and power which surpasses every other honor, power, and glory. With His return to life Christ passed from the State of Humiliation to the State of Exaltation.

When speaking of Christ's State of Humiliation, we said that in this state the Saviour, according to His human nature, did not always and not fully use the divine majesty communicated to His human nature. Christ's State of Exaltation consists in this, that He, according to His human nature, fully and continually uses the divine majesty communicated to His human nature. Having cast off His lowliness, Christ now manifests Himself as the very God, the equal of His Father in glory and majesty; He now no longer hides or obscures His omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience. The form of servant has now given place to the form of King and Lord over all. The divine majesty with which His human nature was invested is now fully and continually displayed. The glorious Sun has dispelled all obscuring clouds and shines in noonday splendor.

All things must now bow before Jesus, willingly or unwillingly. It matters not what powers, forces, and energies they be—they are all subject to Christ. That heel of the woman's seed has crushed the serpent's head and holds it down upon the ground. Death and hell lie in subjection to the exalted Lord. And though rebellious creatures refuse to accept

the fact now, and while unwillingly bowing before Him, and denying that He is their Lord, the day of judgment, when the Lord of glory will appear, will make it all plain.

As we distinguish five steps, or stages, in the State of Humiliation, so also in the State of Exaltation: Christ's descent into hell, His resurrection, ascension, sitting at God's right hand, and His return to judgment. The Apostles' Creed describes this state with these words: "He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

F. J. L.

The Great Treasure.

"A great treasure I have laid up for you, my dear children, a very great treasure." Thus spoke a poor Christian mother many, many years ago, as she lay dying. "Seek it, dear children, in the Bible; there you will surely find it."

The little orphans were cheered and delighted at the thought of a treasure, for they were very poor. So they searched for the hidden treasure, and found in that Holy Book something which was far better than silver, and better than gold.

One of these children, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, was not satisfied to be the happy possessor of the "pearl of great price" for himself, he longed to proclaim the blessed tidings to the world. Faithfully he studied, and, eventually, was appointed teacher in the university at Halle. In the year 1705, the King of Denmark sent him to India as the first missionary to bear the good news of salvation to that pagan land.

Comfort in Trouble.

Conflict makes us live in the fear of God, walk circumspectly, pray without ceasing, grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and learn to understand the power of the Word. Therefore, be not faint-hearted, nor dismayed, but take such conflicts for a sure sign that thou hast a gracious God, since thou art being fashioned into the likeness of His Son; and doubt not that thou belongest to the great and glorious brotherhood of all the saints of whom St. Peter says, "Resist the devil, steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren which are in the world."

Luther.

Lutheranism.

Lutheranism teaches that God hates no man, that He loves all men, and wills that all men be saved. It teaches, further, that the Son of God has propitiated God for all men, and redeemed them; and He has blotted out the sins of all men, and purchased for all the forgiveness of their sins and a perfect righteousness. It teaches that God passes over no one, but earnestly urges everyone to receive His grace. It teaches that the Gospel is a great universal absolution, which God has already proclaimed to all men, which everyone can take to himself, and everyone—even the greatest sinner—can depend upon as certainly as God is true. It teaches that even those who have fallen often can return and again find grace. It teaches that the decisive question is not whether man feel grace and peace with God, and the forgiveness of sins, but whether he believe the promise of grace and forgiveness: for as man believes from the heart God to be, whether angry or gracious, so is He. It teaches that only two classes of men will not be saved, viz., those who want to help themselves out of their sins, and those who want to remain in their sins.

Rev. Prof. C. F. W. Walther, D. D.

"This Means You."

It is said that a Western sheriff, in a town where "roughs" and "toughs" and gamblers and cutthroats had become altogether too plentiful, was ordered by the Vigilance Committee to clear them out. He accordingly provided himself with printed notices ordering such objectionable characters to make themselves scarce, and walking up to one of them after another and tapping each on the shoulder he would hand him a notice, saying, "This means you."

We are not informed as to the effectiveness of this method of personal dealing, but we should say it had the merit of directness and definiteness, and might be fruitful in good results, and it would seem that many of the preachers of the day who are dealing in glittering generalities, and scattering soft words among hard sinners in an indefinite kind of way might increase their effectiveness if they would imitate the Western sheriff, and, teaching "publicly from house to house," would go to men individually and say, "This means you." This was Nathan's method, and his sermon to David had an application. The application was very brief, it was, "Thou art the man!" but the application produced conviction and repentance, and the sermon was never forgotten.

Man of God, tell the truth! Tell it to the men who need to hear it; and if any one does not heed your general statements, lay your hand on his shoulder and in all tenderness and faithfulness say, "This means you!"—*The Christian*.

The Wrong Way of Giving.

A colored man was telling of his way of giving to the Lord. "Yes, sir," said he, "I gibs de truck off o' one acre ebbery year to de Lawd."

"Which acre is it?" the friend asked.

"Well, dat is a different question. Truf is, de acres change most ebbery season."

"How's that?"

"Why, in wet season I gibs de Lawd de low land, and in dry season I gibs Him de top acre ob de whole plantation."

"In that case the Lord's acre is the worst in the whole farm, for in wet seasons it would be quite flooded, and in dry times parched."

"Jes' so. You don't allow I'se goin' to rob my family ob de best acre I'se got, did ye?"

Is not this too much the fashion of our offerings to the Lord—shreds of time, bits of talent, dribblets of money, fringes of things? It is not our poorest, but our best, that we should give to the Lord.

Selected.

Before the Setting of the Sun.

Between John, the renowned Bishop of Constantinople, called the Almoner, and Nicetas, a nobleman, some bitter words had passed one day, and they had parted in anger. John had been wronged. Still, as the day was drawing to its close, he remembered the words of the apostle: "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath," Eph. 4, 26. He sent a friend to Nicetas with the message, "My lord, the sun is going down." Nicetas understood, hastened to him, and they reconciled themselves, cheerfully, before the sun set.

How many there are by whom the sun's daily warning is unheeded!

Whosoever.

Baxter used to say that if the Bible said, "Richard Baxter might take the water of life freely," it would not be such good news as when it says, "Whosoever will," because there might be some *other* Richard Baxter who was meant.

The Shepherd.

How often is our Lord Jesus set before us in the Scriptures under the title of the shepherd! As the good Shepherd, John 10, 14, He came down from heaven to seek and to save that which was lost; as the smitten Shepherd, Zech. 13, 7, He endured the wrath and bore the judgment due to sinners; and as the great Shepherd, Hebr. 13, 20, He is now the Risen One watching over and caring for His flock, leading and guiding them upon their way, and supplying their every need out of His unsearchable riches. Happy is he who can say with a believing heart: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"Read That Again."

I have been a sailor for many years, writes one who is now a pastor, and have served in both the naval and merchant services. In the latter service I filled the position of chief officer on board a large vessel off Old Calabar, on the coast of Africa, at a time when "Yellow Jack" (fever) was committing fearful ravages among our poor fellows. It was my melancholy duty to go down each morning to the lower deck to see if any had died during the previous night.

On one occasion I was fulfilling this sad but necessary duty, when I was grasped by a cold and clammy hand as I passed from hammock to hammock. Turning I beheld a dying shipmate for whom there could be no hope, as he showed all the symptoms of having reached that crisis in his dreadful disease known as "black vomit."

With great effort he was able to address me; and in a tone of voice so unearthly and pitiful as even to arrest the attention of many sufferers around him he said, "Oh, sir! for God's sake let someone read the Bible to me, for I'm dying; if you pass the word, sir, surely someone will have a Bible."

I immediately did so, but not a single seaman in the ship had a Bible. However, a little boy, who was an apprentice on board, came up to me and said, "Sir, I have a Bible in my chest in the

halfdeck, and I will bring it and read for poor Richards, if you will allow me."

"God bless you, my boy," said the dying man in reply, as I gave the boy the order to bring the Bible.

During the time the little boy was fetching the precious Book, many of the sailors and Kroo-men collected around the hammock of the dying. They did not come to see the poor fellow die, for the sight of death was at that time a daily occurrence; it was, as one of the Kroo-boys expressed it, to see what "dem good Book do for poor Massa Richie."

The little boy came back in a few minutes, holding in his hand a new Bible. He came close to the dying man, and having opened the Bible at the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, he read these words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

All our attention was fixed on the dying man while these words were read. The little boy was continuing to read when he was interrupted by Richards exclaiming in an excited tone, "Stop, my boy, stop! Read that again!" And again the boy read the words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And again he was interrupted a second, a third, and a fourth time by the dying request, "Stop, my boy, stop! Read that again!"

As the request was fulfilled, the struggling soul learned by heart these precious words, and the departing spirit was employed in faintly repeating the sacred text, upon which it was enabled by God's grace to rest with true faith.

After a short pause I looked around, and beheld the tears rolling down many a weather-beaten face, and observed even the dark faces of the Kroo-men to turn pale.

It is difficult to describe the solemn awe which filled the whole circle from the time the Bible was brought in. It made a lasting impression upon me, which was considerably increased when I afterwards learned that the Bible was the gift of a widowed



The Good Shepherd.

mother to her only child on his parting with her in Liverpool.

Often, months after, when keeping my watch and walking the deck, that entire scene came before me, and the precious Bible words came to my mind. By God's merciful dealing with me I found my own salvation in those words of the Saviour read by the little boy to the dying sailor. The great day alone will tell how much good that text has done for those others who listened to the precious words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Waiting for God to Come.

One day a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness strongly developed went to ask him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come to me," he replied.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose bright and flushed face he saw evidence of fever.

"God sent for father and little brother," said he, "and took them away up to His home in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie!"

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eye flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said:

"Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust; and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales.

The Master Always In.

"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously and said, "My master is always in."

Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God.

"Go Ye Into All the World."

Go forth and tell: 'tis Jesus bids you go;
And shall men stand with lingering feet and slow,
While listening angels long the words to speak,
That Christ has come lost men to save, to seek?

Tell them that sit in darkness that the light
That lights the world has come and scattered night,
That Jesus is the Light, the Sun that brings
Us righteousness and healing in His wings.

Tell them that hunger that the Bread of heaven
Has been sent down; to all is freely given;
That Jesus is the Bread, and they that feed
On Him hunger no more, but feast indeed.

Tell them of Christ, that He will freely give
The living Water, bid them look and live.
O tell the story of the Cross to those
For whom He lived and suffered, died and rose.

Lord! freely we received Thy wondrous grace,
O let us freely give to every place
The message, for it is the heralding
To haste the coming of the coming King.

Selected.

A Good Reply.

An Irish priest told a man who had a Bible in his possession that "he had no business with the Bible; for St. Peter said it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word he ought to have," and the priest confirmed his assertion by reading 1 Pet. 2, 2: "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word."

"I know that well, please your reverence," replied the poor man, "but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives the milk with me in the house."

Say What You Mean.

A young student, on delivering his first sermon before a celebrated professor of Cambridge, thundered out the following sentence: "Amid this tumult the son of Amram stood unmoved."

"Stop there!" interrupted the professor; "whom do you mean by the 'son of Amram'?"

"Please, sir, Moses," replied the young orator.

"Then if you mean Moses, why don't you say Moses?" said the other.

Our hope is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the stream of trouble. I believe in God, who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best. — *Walter Scott.*

The Treasure.

A Christian traveler, in his journey, came upon a lonely cottage belonging to a laborer. Everything seemed dilapidated, neglected, and almost ready to crumble to pieces. Before entering the building angry curses and boisterous noises greeted his ear. His thirst, however, caused him to enter, that he might ask for a drink of water, which was handed to him from a broken jar which stood in the filthy room. He could not restrain himself from saying to the inhabitants who complained bitterly to him about each other and their poverty, "You make your lives to be a hell, and no wonder that you are poor. You have a treasure in the house which, if you would use it as you should, would soon relieve and enrich you."

When he had departed they made light of his words—but could not rid themselves of the impression made; and so, when the husband was at work in the woods near by, the wife sought diligently everywhere for the treasure, and when she was away from home the husband searched the house, even looking under the flooring of the house, but found nothing, and the discontent increased. At last the eyes of the woman fell upon a Bible which the stranger had left. She opened it, and found written on the fly-leaf at the beginning of the book in her own mother's handwriting: "The Law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver," Ps. 119, 72. Her heart was touched and quickened. She began to read the story of the dear Saviour's life and sufferings; tears chased each other down her cheeks, and she cried, "God have mercy, if we were as this Book would have us be, our family would be better and happier."

She then related Biblical stories to her children, and soon observed that they were becoming more orderly and obedient. One day the husband came in cursing, scolding, and raging. The wife, who had been accustomed to reply in like manner, was silent. Finally, she said: "We have sinned, and ourselves been the cause of our trouble. We must conduct ourselves wholly differently."

"Whence did you get this idea?" said the man.

The wife replied, "See this Book, this is the treasure of which the stranger spoke." She read from its precious pages to her husband; his heart was humbled and affected.

One year after that the stranger again passed that way. Everything was changed. The cottage was neat and clean, and everything orderly, and in the countenances of parents and children the transforming power of God's dear Word was visible.

Poor Heathen Babies.

The wretchedness of heathenism is shown by the way and manner thousands of little children are treated. Two instances will suffice. In Kame-run, West Africa, the custom prevailed to bury little children with their mother when she died young, because it was believed that motherless little children would cause the sudden death of other children whom they met. The German governor abolished this horrible custom, but he cannot prevent that such children are starved to death. The Lutheran missionaries in the colony when they hear of such children endeavor to save them, and their good wives are ever willing to take charge of these waifs. They have quite a number of them, babies a few months old and tottlers of a few years' age, happy little bodies since they are in the hands of white Christians. The native mothers, even the Christians, do not yet understand what the blessed and blessing word of our Saviour means, "Whoever shall receive a little child in my name receiveth me!"

On Christmas Day, 1899, a native of Nias Island, southwest of Sumatra, was baptized. While still a heathen he had been committed for murder four times. Yet he had not been a savage, bloodthirsty man; he was rather of a peaceful, timid disposition. Superstition and the fear of evil spirits had led him to such awful deeds. He was a wealthy man, and his young wife was the daughter of a chieftain. Twins were born to them to their great distress, for the Niassans look upon such a family event as a terrible misfortune, as a sure sign of the displeasure of the gods. The parents were treated like outcasts, they were shunned by everybody, no one entered or crossed their threshold. They were driven to despair. The young man thought he must do what his forefathers had done in such cases. He put the twins into a bag, placed boiled rice and juicy sugar cane beside them, and hung the bag into a tree near his house. For days the poor parents heard the crying and whimpering of their starving children. They were terribly frightened when twins again came, crying for their tender love. The father had to murder his children; this was the stern demand of cruel superstition. In order to satisfy the irate gods, he had to kill a slave, a young boy. He slaughtered the victim on the brink of the river. But he found no rest; his soul was tormented by fear and remorse. By the mercy of God he at last found peace through faith in the Saviour. No evil spirits dare to haunt his house, for it now is the dwelling of a Christian.—*Foreign Missionary.*

Derrick Carver's Bible.

Many years ago there was a crowd gathered in the market place of a little town on the seacoast of England. A barrel was being filled with pitch fagots, and into it a large Bible was thrown. It belonged to Derrick Carver. In the Star Inn close by he was on his knees praying, while the sheriff was preparing to burn him. He was to be burned because he persisted in reading and treasuring the Bible. When I was reading about Derrick I thought to myself: "How few people would be burned in our day for reading the Bible, even if there was a law to that effect!" We do not need to burn people to keep them from reading the Bible now. We just give them a funny paper and a lot of trashy reading besides, every Sunday, and that does the work quite as well.

Some of Derrick's friends gathered around him and tried to comfort him in that solemn hour. Others tried to persuade him to promise not to read the Bible any more. But to these he replied, "No, I will not deny God's Gospel."

After the fagots were lighted, and he was placed upon them, he spied his Bible and seizing it from the burning mass, threw it out into the crowd. Someone caught it and hid it, and although the sheriff ordered it destroyed, it was carefully hidden, and preserved from the fate of its owner. It became a precious relic. It is said that to-day visitors to that town — Lewes is the name of it — are shown the stone cell in which Derrick Carver was imprisoned two hundred and fifty years ago, and are permitted to touch the martyr's Bible, which is still well preserved.

Yes, our fathers loved the Bible. Many suffered much, some, like Derrick Carver, died, rather than be deprived of it. In our day, however, there is a woeful indifference in regard to the proper use of this good Book.

How is it with us? Do we love God's Book? May we all learn to love it more and more. — *Sel.*

Drink and Live.

A missionary in India had been speaking about the Water of Life, and pointed to a fountain close by where people were drinking and filling their jars. A Moslem bystander said, "Your religion may be compared to a little stream of water, but Islam is like a great sea." "Yes," replied the missionary, "but there is just this difference; men drink seawater and die of thirst, while they drink of the living water and live."

WHY, it is asked, are there so many snares? That we may not fly low, but may seek the things which are above. For just as birds, so long as they cleave the upper air, are not easily caught, so thou also, as long as thou lookest at things above, wilt not easily be captured, whether by a snare or by any other device of evil. — *Chrysostom.*

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DER BIBLISCHE GESCHICHTSUNTERRICHT DER UNTERSTUFE. Zwanzig Praeparationen von G. Just und Th. Faerber. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 50 cts.

This excellent little book, written by two experienced teachers, is intended for those who teach Bible stories to the little ones. It will prove very helpful and suggestive, not only to teachers and pastors in day schools and Sunday schools, but also to parents in their homes.

PATRICK HAMILTON. The first Lutheran Preacher and Martyr of Scotland. By William Dallmann. St. Louis, Mo. Concordia Publishing House Print. Price, 10 cts.

We heartily welcome this well-written, interesting, and edifying biographical sketch, and recommend it for the family, the Sunday school, and the young people's library. The booklet may be ordered from the American Lutheran Publication Board, Pittsburg, Pa.

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Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

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Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

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Forsake Us Not.

"Forsake us not—O Lord! be near
Thy Church, when low'ring clouds appear;
That heav'nly light, Thy Word divine,
Continue in our midst to shine.

"While sin and death around we see,
Oh! grant that we may constant be,
And pure retain, till life is spent,
Thy precious Word and Sacrament.

"Dear Saviour! help—Thy Church uphold;
For we are sluggish, thoughtless, cold—
Endue Thy Word with power and grace,
And spread its truth in ev'ry place."

Reformation Day.

The 31st of October is Reformation Day. It is a day of joy and thanksgiving. It reminds us of the great blessings which God bestowed upon His Church through His servant Dr. Martin Luther.

The greatest of these many blessings is the knowledge of the way of salvation by grace through faith in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

This true way of salvation is clearly revealed in the Bible, and the Bible existed before Luther's time. But during the dark reign of popery God's blessed Book was hidden from the people. Even those who claimed to be the teachers of the church had mostly never seen it, much less had they ever read it. They did not teach and preach God's Word, but man's word; not the comforting Gospel of Christ, but the false doctrines of the pope and his priests, which could give the troubled heart no peace and no comfort. Jesus was preached, not as the loving Saviour who invites all heavy-laden sinners to come unto Him for rest, but as the severe and cruel Judge from whom sinners must flee.

Luther says that he trembled and was frightened whenever he heard the name of Jesus. The anxious sinner was not told to trust in the finished work of Christ for salvation, but he was told to trust in his own works, in his prayers to the saints, and in the mass said by the priests. He was told to rely, not on the righteousness of Christ, which alone avails in the sight of God, but on man's righteousness, which, as the prophet says, is but "filthy rags." Thus the people were led, not in the true way of salvation, but into the ways in which they must be lost.

Luther himself passed through much agony before he found the true way of salvation. He went the way the Romish church told him to go, and tried to merit salvation by his own works and to get to heaven by his own righteousness. But he found no peace until God opened to him the Bible, from which he learned that sinners are saved, not by their own works and holiness, but by grace through faith in Christ, the only Saviour. By faith in the Gospel he found peace, and rest, and happiness; and this Gospel he made known to the people and defended it against all its enemies. He became God's messenger, "having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." In all his preaching and writing it was his aim to make plain the Gospel way to salvation by grace through faith in Jesus. In this Gospel light many thousands, who had been groping in the darkness of popery, rejoiced and gave thanks unto God for His great mercy.

We still have the Gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and well may we, on Reformation Day, rejoice and thank God for restoring to His Church the pure

Gospel through His servant Dr. Martin Luther. And if that Gospel is precious to us, let us, like Luther, earnestly labor for the spread of that Gospel, so that others also may be brought into the true way of salvation by faith in the Gospel of Jesus.

Blotting Out Sins.

"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions."
Is. 43, 25.

There was once a deaf-mute, named John. Though he never heard any other voice, he heard the voice of Jesus in the Gospel, knew it, loved it, and followed it. One day he told the lady who had taught him, partly on his fingers and partly by signs, that he had had a wonderful dream. God had shown him a great black book, and all John's sins were written in it, so many, so black! And God had shown him hell, all open and fiery, waiting for him because of all his sins. But Jesus Christ had come and put His red hand, red with the blood of His cross, all over the page, and the red hand had blotted all John's sins out; and when God held up the book to the light He could not see one left.

It is no dream, no fancy or mere feeling, but God's truth, that Jesus Christ's blood has been shed—nothing can alter that, and that His blood blotteth out our transgressions, as St. Paul says: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us." Christ Himself says to you: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions." Will you believe it? "Only believe" and "according to your faith it shall be unto you." Take Christ at His word, and just believe that it is true, and true for you—"I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Say with a believing heart:

"I am trusting Thee for cleansing
Through the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood."

Christ's Descent into Hell.

The Bible tells us but little of Christ's descent into hell. The principal passage is found 1 Pet. 3, 18, 19: "Christ was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison." In considering this passage, we see, in the first place, *when* this descent into hell took place. Christ was put to death in the flesh, that is, He died according to His

human nature (though it was the whole God-man Christ that died), and was quickened by the Spirit, that is, by His divine nature. This quickened Christ, then, went and preached unto the spirits in hell. Christ descended into hell; not only His divine nature, but the whole Christ exhibited Himself to the spirits of hell. On Easter morning, immediately upon being quickened, Christ descended into hell.

In the second place, we learn from this passage *why* Christ descended into prison. Peter says He went and *preached* unto the spirits in hell. What did He preach to the spirits in hell? Salvation? Yes, salvation for us, but not salvation for them. Did He proclaim to them the Gospel? Yes, the Gospel; but the proclamation of the Gospel meant not their salvation, but their condemnation, their everlasting damnation. Even as the proclamation of the first Gospel in the garden of Eden was the announcement of life for Adam and Eve, but the passing of the death sentence upon the serpent, so the proclamation of the Gospel to the spirits in prison did not announce liberty, but everlasting chains to Christ's infernal enemies. Christ's descent into hell had the purpose of bringing home to Satan and his hosts the fact that they had lost the battle. Christ had spoiled the infernal principalities and powers by His suffering and death, and no sooner was He come back to life than He went and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it, Col. 2, 15. On the cross the dying Saviour had exclaimed, "It is finished," that is, My work of redemption is done, Satan's head is bruised, sin is overcome, death is slain, and hell's power is gone; on Easter morn the quickened Saviour triumphantly enters Satan's fortress and without gainsay proclaims Himself the Victor.

Christ's descent into hell, then, was the proclamation to the vanquished enemy that he had no pardon to expect.

The foe, no more withstanding,
His weapons on the ground
Throws down; his hellish power
To Christ he must give o'er,
And to the Victor's bands
Must yield his feet and hands.

Hell and its prince, the devil,
Now of their power are shorn,
I now am safe from evil,
And sin I laugh to scorn;
Grim death with all his might
Cannot my soul affright;
He is a powerless form,
Howe'er he rage and storm.

F. J. L.

A Lesson About Money.

A pastor, pleading with his congregation for liberal gifts for the mission cause, said that many warnings were given in the Scriptures of the danger connected with the possession of much money. He would tell his hearers the best way of meeting the danger, and tell it by a story. And this is the story:

A cottage at the foot of a hill was once flooded by a stream which burst its banks, and, rushing into the cottage, ruined it. The poor old woman who lived there went to a neighbor to bewail her loss. Her furniture was all spoiled, her home was ruined.

"But, dear me!" she said, "you have had the flood as well as I, and it does not seem to have done much harm. How is that?"

"Oh," replied her neighbor, "when the water came in at the back door I opened the front door, and it ran through and just washed the floor clean. Why didn't you open the door and let it run out?"

Some people need that lesson about their money. Often, when it runs in, it works much harm, because they do not open the front door of giving to Christ's cause to let it out. Money hoarded and hugged becomes a burden and a curse.

An Idol-Festival.

A missionary gives the following description of an Idol-Festival which he witnessed in India:

"I once attended an Idol-Festival at Madras which was celebrated in a great temple.

"At sunrise the roads were already lined with wagons and people coming from all parts of the country.

"The first that attracted my attention was an old woman lying in the dust, her face, which had been painted, exposed to the burning sun.

"At a short distance from her lay a man in a hedge fence calling to his idols.

"Farther on I saw six little children sitting in the dust clapping their hands and singing as if praying to a man who stood near them.

"Then I passed a child, whose eyes had been pierced out by the mother, lying on the roadside without any clothing on, also exposed to the burning sun. Near this lay another child in the same state, with its arms and legs broken. Another lay bleeding in a brush-pile, crying pitifully. A little boy, with his feet tied up to his head, was another pitiful sight. Passing on I saw many whose eyes had been taken out and their bones broken.

"As I neared the temple I saw many sights like these described, and instead of going on, I took another road and went back to my lodging-place, praying that the light of the Gospel may soon reach the hearts of these people."

Excellent Advice.

A young man just starting upon his work in the ministry was one day talking to an aged minister in London who had spent a lifetime in the service. The young man said:

"You have had a great deal of experience; you know many things that I ought to learn. Can't you give me some advice to carry with me in my new duties?"

"Yes, I can," was the response. "I will give you a piece of advice. You know that in every town in England, no matter how small, in every village or hamlet, though it be hidden in the folds of the mountains or wrapped around by the far-off sea, in every clump of farmhouses, you can find a road which, if you follow it, will take you to London. Just so every text which you shall choose to preach from in the Bible will have a road which leads to Jesus. Be sure you find that road and follow it; be careful not to miss it once. This is my advice to you."

How to Read the Bible.

Luther says: "The way to find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible is, first, to read through one book carefully, then study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and, lastly, word by word. It is like a person shaking a fruit tree. First, shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and, last of all, looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains."

In God's Care.

One evening when he saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night, Luther said: "That little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure and content, never troubling itself what its food will be, or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David, it 'abides under the shadow of the Almighty.' It sits on its little twig content, and lets God take care."

Translating the Bible.

In our picture we see Luther and his colaborers at work translating the Bible. Before the time of the Reformation the Bible was not only hidden from the people, but the Bible was said to be a dangerous book, a dark book which the people could not understand. When speaking of the Romish church and the Bible, Luther says: "Observe what the devil has done through the papists. It was not enough for them to throw this book under the table, and to make it so rare that few doctors of the Holy Scriptures possess it, much less read it; but, lest some one should bring it to notice, they have branded it with infamy, blaspheming God and saying that it is dark, and that we must follow the glosses of men, and not the pure Scripture. The calamity is so great that it cannot be reached by words or thoughts. The evil spirit has done his will and suppressed this book and has brought in its stead so many books of human doctrine, that it may well be said that there is a deluge of books; and yet they contain nothing but errors, falsehoods, darkness, poison, death, destruction, hell, and the devil."

— Luther pitied the poor people who were thus kept in darkness, and his desire was to place the Bible in their hands, so that they might see the false doctrines of the pope by which they were led astray and might learn to know the pure doctrines of God's Word. He therefore devoted much time and care to the translation of the Bible. With the help of his colaborers the work was completed in the year 1534, and in the summer of that year the whole Bible, as translated into German by Dr. Luther, was printed and published. Of this work,

Melanchthon, Luther's friend and colaborer, well said: "The German Bible is one of the greatest wonders that God has wrought, by the hand of Dr. Martin Luther, before the end of the world." By his translation of the Bible Luther brought the Word of God into the homes of the rich and the poor. The people rejoiced and gladly read and studied the precious Book. Cochlaeus, a bitter enemy of the Reformation, in speaking of Luther's translation of the New Testament, says: "Copies

of this New Testament have been multiplied to an astonishing number, so that shoemakers, women, and laymen of all classes read it, carry it about with them, and commit its contents to memory. As a result of this they have within a few months become so bold that they have dared to dispute about faith, not only with Catholic laymen, but with priests and monks; yes, even with Masters and Doctors of Theology. At times it has even happened that Lutheran laymen have been able to quote off-hand more passages of Scripture than the monks and priests themselves; and Luther has long ago convinced his adherents that they should not

believe any doctrine which is not taken from the Holy Scriptures, and here and there laymen have been heard to contradict the theologians in the presence of the people, and to charge them with preaching falsehoods and things of man's devising."

Thank God that we still have an open Bible. Let us make good use of that precious Book.

"Study it carefully,
Think of it prayerfully,
Till in thy heart its precepts dwell.
Slight not its history;
Ponder its mystery;
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.



Luther and his colaborers translating the Bible.

"Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore.
With faith that's unfailing,
And love all-prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

"May this message of love
From the Father above
Unto all nations and kindreds be given,
Till the ransomed shall raise
Joyous anthems of praise,
Hallelujahs in earth and in heaven."

A Story of Luther's Hymn.

"Out of the depths I cry to Thee." This is the first line of one of Luther's grand hymns, in which the great doctrine of free grace and of justification by faith is proclaimed.

In the year 1524, the year in which the hymn was composed, a certain weaver sang it with a loud voice on the market of the city of Magdeburg. Under his arm he carried a roll of slips upon which the hymn was printed and which he distributed to the passers-by, who at once stopped and joined in the singing. The city being Catholic, the authorities had the man arrested for singing one of Luther's hymns. But the churches St. Ulrich and St. John insisted upon the man's release with the declaration: "We want to be on the side of the Shepherd and Bishop, Jesus Christ, who has been confirmed by a divine oath. He is our Captain, and at His side we will fight heroically."

The Bible is God's Word.

A fruit seller of a Romish city is said to have received and read the Word of God with joy. A Romish priest passing by her shop, where she improved every leisure moment in studying the holy Book, asked, "What are you reading?"

"It is the Word of God, sir," was the reply.

"Word of God! Who told you so?"

"God Himself," said the woman.

"Himself! What folly! Has God spoken to you? What proofs of it have you?"

"Sir," said the woman, "prove to me that the sun is there over our heads."

"It lights and warms us, is the proof," said the priest.

"Ah!" cried the woman triumphantly, "that is the proof that the Bible is the Word of God. It lights and warms my soul."

The priest could say no more; he went away angry. — *Watch Tower.*

Love for the Bible.

A blind girl who had received a copy of the Bible in raised letters read it so eagerly and constantly with her fingers that they were soon so worn, that every line she read was marked with blood; and ere long her fingers became so sore, that she could no longer use them. Thinking that for weeks she could not read her Bible again, she raised it to her lips for a loving good-bye kiss. As the raised letters of the page touched her lips, a thrill of surprise flushed her face, for she found she could read the page with her lips; and so, while her fingers recovered, she moved the pages across her lips, with greater relish than for physical food. "God's words were found, and she did eat them, and they were unto her the joy and rejoicing of her heart" — "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

Back to Her Church.

In an African village an aged widow was on her dying bed. She was restless and very much troubled because in her youth she had left the Lutheran church and joined the Catholics. Her husband had compelled her to attend the Romish services regularly. But when she became a widow she could no longer bear to worship the saints and the Virgin Mary, and refused to do so. The black Catholic priest then cursed her, and the Catholic children would no longer have anything to do with her. In her great trouble the poor widow sent for the Lutheran missionary. As he sat beside her bed, she said, "Let me die in my dear Lutheran church. I believe that I am saved only through the blood of my Saviour." The missionary comforted her and received her back into the Lutheran church. With great joy she partook of the Lord's Supper for the forgiveness of her sins, and the next day she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

The Fortress Still Stands.

A Roman Catholic Duke of high distinction accompanied Emperor Charles V to Germany in 1547. He heard the Lutherans sing, "A mighty fortress is our God," and mockingly said, "I'll blow up their mighty fortress, or I will die." The story goes that on the third day after he unexpectedly died.

The fortress still stands.

If you try to ride to heaven on the pope's wax and parchment, your carriage will soon break down, and you will fall into hell. — *Luther.*

The Dying Monk's Confession.

Ferrero was a monk who, by secretly reading the Bible, had come to know the Gospel. His friend Egidio was an inmate of the same cloister, and with him he now and then spoke of the Gospel way of salvation which he had learned from the Bible. Of his friend's death Ferrero gives the following account:

A narrow cell, the only furniture of which is a rough table, on which are placed a crucifix and a human skull, a few books, a bedstead with a litter of straw, on which lies a young monk in the last stage of consumption—such is the picture presented to you.

The dying man was possessed of a noble intellect, naturally kind and frank, of gentle manners, of good education, and simple as a child. He was considered blameless in life, according to the standard of the convent, and was held up to the young clergy as a model of holiness. The people confided in him, and the Superior saw in Egidio the promise of an eloquent advocate of the Romish church. He was only twenty-two years of age, but his last hour was rapidly approaching.

At noon of a beautiful June day, the monk whose duty it was to attend on the sick, called out hastily at the door of my cell, "Father Egidio is dying! Make haste, please; you are just in time to give him the holy absolution."

I ran hastily into the cell of my young fellow monk. I was not his confessor, and was surprised to learn that he asked for me. As soon as he saw me, he said eagerly, "Please, shut the door." I did so. He asked if all was secured. I replied, "Yes, my brother; fear not; no one listens to us but God, the Searcher of all hearts." "O dear Ferrero, my only friend on earth," he exclaimed, "these precautions are not necessary for my sake. I have nothing now to fear from man; but I feel anxious for your security. Oh, tell me again of that sweet comfort, that peace with God of which you spoke three days ago, when I asked you why you read the Bible so often. Tell me frankly, before God, are we saved by our own works or by grace only? Have all my prayers, fastings, and penances no merits before God? Oh! I see that all my boasted works, on the balance of God's Word, weigh less than nothing. Unless grace takes the place of God's justice, I am damned. 'If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities; O Lord, who shall stand?'"

"No one, my dear Egidio," I replied. But let me read the Psalm from which you quote. There is forgiveness with God; there is mercy with the Lord, and with Him is plenteous redemption."

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "I want God's mercy, God's forgiveness." Then looking at the crucifix he continued, "That blood, the blood of Jesus, of which you told me—speak, Ferrero, speak again."

With his eyes fixed on mine, he waited anxiously for a word of peace. "'By grace ye are saved,'" I said, "through faith—faith in what Jesus has done for sinners. Oh, how we have been deceived by foolishly trusting in our works, when God has said, 'By the works of the Law shall no flesh be justified.' But hearken, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' It is not written that our fastings or prayers can save us from wrath or cleanse us from sins. No, no! Only the precious blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. My dear Egidio, you are convinced that you are a sinner; then be convinced that what the Bible says is true indeed. Only believe God's Word. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; rest in His precious blood, and soon you will be with Christ in Paradise."

As the thirsty one drinks from the spring suddenly discovered in the desert, so my dear friend drank joyfully of the living water. His smiling look told me more than words could have done.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. I opened, and the Superior, accompanied by the doctor, entered. Seeing the sweat of death upon the sick man, the Superior sprinkled him with "holy water." Egidio shook his head. When extreme unction was administered to him, he seemed to protest against the ceremony. At last, collecting all his strength, he cried out with distinct voice, his countenance beaming with heavenly peace: "Precious Jesus! Thy wounds are my merits. Yes, yes, mine, O Jesus!" And with eyes uplifted to heaven he fell asleep.

Such was the confession of the dying monk. The action and words of his dying moments were attributed to delirium; and a circular was sent to the other convents announcing his death and commending his holy life.

But, dear reader, though Egidio was considered spotless by man, the religion he had learned in the Romish church gave no rest to his soul, no peace, no assurance of salvation. At last he found all that he had done to gain the favor of God—all his own righteousness—to be as filthy rags; and then he found pardon, peace, eternal life by faith in the blood of Christ. In what are you trusting for salvation? Remember that there is no other name given among men whereby we must be saved than the name of Jesus, and that there is salvation in none other than in Jesus, in whom we have redemption through His blood; namely, the forgiveness of sins.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

THE SYNODICAL CONFERENCE AND OUR COLORED MISSION.—At the recent meeting of the Ev. Luth. Synodical Conference much time was devoted to our Mission among the colored people, a very lengthy and encouraging Report being presented by our Mission Board. From this Report Conference learned that God has richly blessed the work of our missionaries in church and school, but that more laborers are needed for the great harvest field. To supply this need, preparatory schools ought to be opened in which gifted and pious colored students may be trained for mission work among the people of their own race. Such a school has already been opened in New Orleans, La., and in Concord, N. C. But if efficient work is to be done, buildings and new equipments must be provided. The Board had already granted a new building for New Orleans, and Conference voted \$15,000 for Immanuel College in North Carolina. We hope all our congregations will soon take up collections for this purpose:

CONCORD, N. C.—The 11th Sunday after Trinity was a day of rejoicing for our colored Lutheran congregation at Concord. On that day the Harvest Home festival was celebrated, the Revs. Th. Buch, P. Bischoff, and S. Doswell preaching appropriate sermons. The church was handsomely decorated, and all the services were beautified by anthems sung by the choir under the direction of Prof. H. Persson. The attendance was very large, many friends from neighboring stations having come to join in the celebration.

SALISBURY, N. C.—On the 17th Sunday after Trinity the Rev. H. W. Lash, one of this year's graduates of our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill., was ordained and installed in the colored Lutheran congregation at Salisbury as successor to the Rev. G. Schutes, who has faithfully served that and other mission stations in North Carolina for about seven years. May God bless also the work of the new laborer to the salvation of many souls.

HE KNEW THE BIBLE.—New York papers recently reported the following: Walter Foster, a colored boy six years old, was a witness in a case in the Second Criminal Court of Jersey City. Justice Manning hesitated to administer the oath.

"Do you know what this is?" asked the Court, holding up the Bible.

"It is the Bible," answered the boy, "the sacred book of God. It is God's Word. When we swear

on it we admit His power to punish us for telling an untruth."

Justice Manning looked at the little boy with surprise.

"It is the best definition I ever heard from child or man," he said; and the boy was allowed to tell his story under oath.

THE LORD'S BOX.—The *Missionary Link* reports the following suggestive story from Ceylon, from which Christians may learn a lesson in giving for mission work: "Each morning, when a Christian woman measures out rice for the family, she takes one handful and puts it into a box marked, 'The Lord's Box.' From time to time, the church treasurer visits all the Christian homes to collect the rice from these boxes, sells it, and sends the money to the native missionary society."—Have you a "Lord's Box" in your home?

SHE LOVED JESUS.—In a Presbyterian mission in China a woman recently baptized and received into the church was asked by the missionary previous to her baptism if she really loved Jesus. She replied: "For three years I have come here every Sunday; if it rained, I came; if the sun shone hot, I came. When I could get a boat to row the three miles I came in that. When I was not able to do this I walked. Had it not been that I love Jesus, do you think I would have come?"

A WORKER OF WONDERS IN JAPAN.—The famous traveler, Isabella Bird Bishop, relates how a New Testament, printed in Japanese, was given to the keeper of a prison at Otsu, a place in the interior of Japan, then beyond the reach of missionary instruction. The officer of the prison gave it to a scholarly convict imprisoned for manslaughter. Time passed and nothing was heard from this precious gift. But one day a fire broke out in the Otsu prison. "Now is your opportunity," would be the natural thought to each of the hundred prisoners. But when all were looking to see them attempt an escape, every one of the prisoners helped to put out the flames, and voluntarily remained to serve the rest of his sentence. Such honorable conduct mystified the heathen authorities, and led to a careful investigation. This investigation developed the fact that the convict who had received the New Testament had become so impressed with the trust of Christianity that he had embraced the life-giving truth, and then had devoted himself to teaching his fellow prisoners. The man was given a pardon, but preferred to remain in Otsu that he might teach more of the "new way" to the prisoners.

CONVINCED.—Writing from Adrianople, a missionary working among the Jews says:—"A pleasant middle-aged man—a Jew—came to me and related the following: 'I once received a New Testament from you in a railway carriage, which I diligently studied. I also read a good tract in the Russian language from the pen of a converted Jew, and I am now fully convinced that Jesus is the true Messiah and Saviour. I am therefore ready to confess my faith in Him by baptism. I am a teacher, but not poor, as is usually the case with Jewish teachers. I have a capital of 1200 roubles, but also a wife and twin girls about two years of age. My wife refuses to follow me. Will you kindly advise me? I would have the children brought up in a Christian way.' I advised him to go back to his wife and to try by love, patience, and perseverance to persuade her to follow him. I then prayed for him and his wife and children, and he returned home, promising to write to me. It is my sincere desire that the Lord may soon clear his way and bring this whole family to Himself. There are indeed obstacles of various kinds in the way of a Jew who wishes to make an open confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Most Valuable Discovery.

Lord Kelvin, who is regarded as being one of the most distinguished scientists of the world, was approached by a pompous young would-be scientist, who asked the eminent man which one of all his discoveries he considered to be the most valuable. The unexpected reply was: "I think that to me the most valuable of all the discoveries I have ever made was when I discovered my Saviour in Jesus Christ."

Even For Me.

"And can it be,
In the world's harvest field some sheaves for me?
The fields are white to harvest; all along
The sunlit path I hear the reapers' song,
As forth to toil of sweet reward they go.
Is this my work? The Master answers, 'No.'
Far other labor thine, and yet to thee
Some precious tasks I give for them and me,
Send them refreshment 'mid the noontide heat;
The cool, o'erflowing cup, the morsel sweet,
That shall give strength and courage all the day;
Sing thou thy songs to cheer them by the way;
And so thou, too, when evening rest shall come,
May'st share the joy of the glad Harvest Home."

Duke and Goatherd.

At a mission festival at Basel a speaker had, among other things, told of a rich English duke who gave every year to missions some \$5000, and had closed his speech with the remark: "As long as we have such dukes the work of missions will not suffer."

Then arose another and said he had also a tale to tell. There came one day to his brother, who was missionary treasurer in Kornthal, a man in unassuming, yes, plain garb and said he had something for missions, and laid \$25 on the table. The treasurer asked him from which society this offering came, to which the man replied that it was from no society but his own gift. "Yes, but who are you?" asked the treasurer. "The goatherd of Waldheim," was the answer, and the \$25 was his year's wages which he, having other means of living, wished to give to missions.

The speaker then closed his speech with the words: "As long as we have such goatherds, the work of missions will not suffer."

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St. Louis, Sept. 15, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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A Little While.

"Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Hebr. 10, 37.

"'A little while'—He'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our greatest grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.
"'A little while'—'twill soon be past!
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
Oh! let us in His footprints haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss.
Oh! how will recompense His smile
The sufferings of this 'little while.'"

Advent.

Advent means coming. The Advent season of the church year, which begins at the end of this month, reminds us of the coming of Christ, and is therefore a joyful season. It tells us that Christ has come, that Christ still comes, and that Christ will come.

Christ has come in the flesh for our redemption. As soon as sin came into the world, He was promised as the Saviour from sin. The saints of the Old Testament longingly looked forward to His coming. And He *has* come. "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." The Advent season, pointing us to the happy Christmas time, reminds us of the joyous fact that the Saviour has come. The Son of God became man and took the sinners' place, and by His innocent life, bitter sufferings, and death procured redemption for all.

But this redemption must be brought to us, and Christ with all His blessings must become our own. Therefore He comes to us in the means of grace.

The Advent season tells us that Christ still comes. He comes in the Gospel and in the Sacraments. The Gospel is not a mere sound of words. It is, as St. Paul says, "a power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The Sacraments are not mere signs and empty ceremonies. The apostle Peter says, "Be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ *for the remission of sins*" (Acts 2, 38); and Christ, when instituting the Holy Supper, said, "*For the remission of sins.*" The Gospel promise is connected with them, and therefore they are means of grace in which Christ and all His blessings are brought to us. In these means of grace Christ Himself comes to the hearts of sinners and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." He comes, not in wrath, but in mercy; not to condemn, but to bless; not as the Judge, but as the Saviour of sinners.

A pastor once went to see a woman in his congregation of whom he had heard that she was in great distress because she could not pay her rent. He went to help her. He rapped at the door, listened, and thought he heard some one in the house. He rapped again, but the door was not opened. The third time he rapped very hard, listened, but the door remained closed, and he finally went away. The next day he met the woman on the street and said, "I was at your house yesterday; I had heard that you could not pay your rent, and I came to help you." "Oh, was that you?" the woman replied. "I was in the house the whole

time, but I thought the landlord had come to demand money, and as I had none I left the door locked."

That woman is a picture of a sinner who thinks Jesus comes in the Gospel to demand something of him, while in reality Jesus comes to give and to bless. He comes to enter the hearts of sinners and to rule there in mercy and in peace. Happy are they who receive Him into their hearts as their King and Saviour. They enjoy all His blessings. He supplies every want of their souls and leads them to the beautiful mansions in His Father's house. He will come again to take them home.

The Advent season tells us that Christ will come. He will come at the end of the world. "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Not in weakness will He come, as at His first coming, but "with power." Not in humiliation, but with "great glory." Not alone, but attended by "all His holy angels." Not to be judged, but "to judge the quick and the dead." Not when everybody is expecting Him, but "suddenly," "as a thief in the night" will He come to a careless world.

That coming of Christ will bring terror to all unbelievers. They will be cast into everlasting woe. But it will bring joy to all the children of God. They have waited for the fulfillment of their Saviour's promise: "Surely, I come quickly;" and during their weary pilgrimage their hearts have often longingly cried out: "Even so; come, Lord Jesus!" And now their waiting is ended, the promise is fulfilled, their longing is satisfied. They see Him whom their souls loved, and enter with Him the blissful home of everlasting joy. "And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming," 1 John 2, 28.

"Jesus is coming; for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee—
Oh, what a sunrise will that advent be!"

Look Unto Jesus.

We shall never find happiness by looking at our prayers, our doings, our feelings, or anything that we find in our own sinful selves. It is what Jesus is, not what we are; it is what Jesus did, not what we do, that gives rest to the soul. If we would have peace with God, it must be by looking unto Jesus. Let His life, His sufferings, His death, His merits, His righteousness be fresh upon your mind. Let

nothing come between you and Jesus. Look simply to Him, He will never fail you. In Jesus Christ you will find peace, and happiness, and salvation.

"Look to Jesus," Luther wrote to a troubled friend. "Wearied at length with your own righteousness, rejoice and confide in the righteousness of Christ. Learn, my dear brother, to know Christ, and Christ crucified; and learn to despair of thyself, and sing to the Lord this song, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art my righteousness, but I am Thy sin. Thou hast taken what belonged to me; Thou hast given me what was Thine. Thou becamest what Thou wast not, in order that I might become what I was not myself.'"

And when Luther one day saw a man very much depressed on account of his sins, he said to him: "Man, what are you doing? Can you think of nothing else but your sins, and dying, and damnation? Turn your eye away, and direct it to Him who is called Christ. Cease to fear and lament. You really have no reason for it. If Christ were not here, and had not done all for you, you then would have reason to fear. But He is here, has suffered death for you, and has secured comfort and salvation for you, and now sits at the right hand of His heavenly Father to intercede for you."

The Love of Jesus.

As the church year comes to an end and you enter another year of grace, think of the love of Jesus, who comes to you in the Gospel message as your Saviour and your Friend. There are those who stand very near to you, and who love you more than words can tell. But Jesus is the One who loves you more, infinitely more; the One who loves you with an everlasting love; the One who has loved you from the beginning and marked you as His own at your baptism; the One who has been pleading with you all your lifetime: even that "Good Shepherd who goeth into the mountains" to seek the one sheep that has gone astray.

"O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity."

A Good Reply.

A young lady who had renounced Romanism was told that as she was born in the Catholic church, she ought to die in it. She promptly replied, "I was born in sin, but I have made up my mind not to die in it."

Christ's Resurrection from the Dead.**ITS CERTAINTY.**

On Friday evening Christ was buried; on the third day, Sunday, He rose again from the dead. For this reason we often speak of Sunday as the Lord's day. Every Sunday we therefore commemorate the resurrection of our Saviour.

The Gospel lesson for Easter Day tells us that the holy women, Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, early on Sunday morning went to the tomb to anoint the Saviour's body. As they wended their way to the sepulcher they were troubled about how the stone might be removed for them from the entrance to the tomb. But an angel from heaven had already removed the stone, and the Lord had risen. The watchmen, terrified at the sight of the heavenly messenger, had fled. So the women found the watchmen gone and the tomb empty. But an angel, whom they met at the grave, told them: "I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

The Lord was risen. Soul and body were again united, and He had come forth from the dead. But His resurrection was not like that of Lazarus or the young man of Nain, who had risen only to die again. The body which Jesus brought out of the grave was indeed the same body that had been buried, but it was now glorified and immortal. As the apostle writes, Rom. 6, 9: "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him."

As wonderful as is the resurrection of Jesus, so sure and certain is it.

The disciples hoped not for the Saviour's return to life, though prophets had foretold it (Ps. 16, 10. Is. 53, 8), though Christ Himself had declared the prophet Jonah to have been His prototype and had definitely stated that He would rise again on the third day. When the Saviour died on the cross, all their hopes were shattered, and not one of them believed that he would see Him alive again. And what, now, was it that convinced the disciples that Jesus was risen? The fact that they saw Him, spoke with Him, touched Him, ate and drank with Him after His return to life. The Scriptures tell us of ten different appearances of Jesus after His resurrection. Only a few hours after His resurrection, He appeared to Mary Magdalene, and soon after to the other women. In the evening of the same day He appeared to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. These latter hastening back to Jerusalem to bring the glad tidings to the others, whom they had left so despondent, were greeted with the joyful cry,

"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." While they are yet conversing upon this joyful topic, behold, the Lord suddenly stands in their midst and greets them, "Peace be unto you!" They see Him, they hear Him, they are convinced that it is He, indeed, and no spirit. — Thomas, however, was not present. The joyful tidings he hears upon his return leaves him still doubtful and despondent. He refuses to believe until he sees. On the following Sunday Thomas is convinced, and seeing the living Lord, he cries, "My Lord and my God!"

Later the Lord appeared to seven disciples on the shores of Lake Tiberias, and Paul tells us that He was seen by five hundred brethren at one time, 1 Cor. 15, 5—8.

Last of all the risen Lord appeared to Saul as he was on the way to Damascus, and so caused Saul, His persecutor, to become Paul, His greatest apostle.

The apostles could therefore truthfully say: "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Ye killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses. We cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard," Acts 2, 32; 3, 15; 4, 20. John can truthfully say: "Which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled declare we unto you," 1 John 1, 1—3. And Paul writes: "If Christ be not risen . . . we are found false witnesses of God," 1 Cor. 15, 14, 15.

The unanimous testimony of all apostles as eye-witnesses is that Christ rose from the dead; and these apostles were the most truthful and conscientious men that ever lived, yes, they sealed their testimony with their own blood, preaching Christ, the crucified and risen Saviour, unto their end.

There is no fact of history that is more certain than the resurrection of Christ from the dead.

F. J. L.

Thy Will be Done.

A friend came to Dr. Luther one day and complained, "Everything goes against me; none of my wishes are fulfilled; my hopes are shattered; my plans all miscarry."

"My dear friend, that is your own fault," replied Luther.

"My fault?" said the man in surprise.

"Yes," said Luther, "why do you pray daily, 'Thy will be done'? You ought to pray, 'My will be done.' But as long as you pray that God's will should be done, you have to be satisfied if He does according to your prayer."



The Heavenly Guest.

See, O soul, there standeth at thy lowly door
One whom all the angels worship and adore,
Condescension wondrous, love and grace Divine.
Lo, He seeks to enter that poor heart of thine.

"And if any open," that is what He saith,
He whose love is stronger, stronger e'en than death,
"I will gladly enter, I will be his guest."

Hasten, soul, to open! Spread for Him thy best.

"Ah! Thou Lord of glory, naught have I for fare.
Lo, the house is empty, and my table bare;
Long my soul hath eaten only husks of sin."
Still He standeth, calling, "Fain would I come in."

"Let not this thy straitness thee at all distress,
I who fed the thousands in the wilderness,
I who turned the water into purple wine,
I will spread to fullness that scant board of thine.

"He shall never hunger, ne'er by want be prest,
He hath treasures endless who hath me for guest;
He whose heart I enter heir of God shall be.
Soul, what is thine answer, what say'st thou to me?"

Lord, I bid Thee welcome, while the flowing tears
Tell my grief and sorrow for the sin-spent years;
Lord, Thou hast been waiting long outside the door,
Enter now, to leave me never, never more.

R. M. Offord.

The Deacon's Soliloquy.

It was Sunday evening when Deacon Daniel was sitting at his table looking at the pledges taken during the day for contributions to the mission treasury. Whilst looking at the figures, he said to himself: "It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood; he's put down two dollars; his farm is worth 10,000 dollars, and he has money at interest.

"And there's Mrs. Brown; she's put down five dollars; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she has them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile, but she'll pay it. She reads the mission paper, and she just loves the cause; that's why she gives.

"There's Maria Hill; she's put down five dollars; she don't have but twenty dollars a month, and pays her board, and she has to help support her mother. But I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul, and where He works, you'll generally see the fruit in giving for the spread of His kingdom.

"And there's John Baker; he put down 50 cents; and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a week.

"Cyrus Dunning—four dollars. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with his crippled hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work.

"C. Williams—ten dollars. Good for him. He said the other night that he'd been reading his Bible more than usually lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and he didn't want to be in his company."

And as the old deacon laid down his spectacles, he again said, "It's curious who give."

Faith in God's Promises.

That was a good illustration on God's promises given by old Uncle Jim. Pointing to a brick wall he said, "Dar is a brick wall, and de Lord He stands dar and He says to me, 'Jim, now I want you to go troo dat.' I ain't gwine to say, 'Lord, I can't.' I got nuffin to do about it. All I have to do is to butt against de wall, and it's de Lord's business to put me troo."

CONTENTMENT consists in thanking God for what we have, and not in having what we wish for.

Thanksgiving Day.

Father of mercies, enthroned in splendor,
Praise for the harvest we yield Thee to-day;
Hear the thanksgiving we joyfully render,
Hear from Thy throne the glad homage we pay.

Praise for Thy mercy forever enduring;
Praise for Thy showers that watered the grain;
Praise for Thy sunshine, the harvest maturing;
Praise for the wealth of the gold-laden plain.

Praise for Thy promise through ages unbroken;
Praise for the increase in basket and store;
Faithful and true is the word Thou hast spoken,
"Seedtime and harvest shall fail nevermore."

God the all-bountiful, loving and tender,
Scattered around us are proofs of Thy care;
Hear the glad hymn of thanksgiving we render,
Hear while we mingle our praises with prayer.

Help us to praise Thee by pureness of living;
Ours be the joy that in deeds is outpoured;
Grant that our lives may in truest thanksgiving
"Always abound in the work of the Lord."

Selected.

Dinah's Thanksgiving Lesson.

It was Thanksgiving Day. The dining room was strewn with coats, dresses, trousers, undergarments, and second-best shoes. They were trying to plan what should go into the mission box, which was to be packed at the chapel and sent to the missionary as a Thanksgiving Day offering. Dinah, with one hand on her side and the other on the door knob, waited to see what would be done. Dinah knew about the box; she belonged to the same church.

"Spect Missis will send her old gray dress that she can't wear no more, and Miss Carrie will send the hat that got its feathers sco'ched, and the shoes that got a hole cut in the side, and such things. Dinah ain't got nothin' to send. I takes care of my things, I does, an' don't let 'em get sco'ched and cut and streaks of paint on 'em. Hi!"

The exclamation was caused by a word from her mistress.

"I think, Carrie, I will put in this black cashmere."

"Why, mamma, can you spare that?"

"I think so. The other black one is in good order, and I can get along without two second-best black dresses when there are people who have none. It looks very nice since I sponged and pressed it, and the woman the missionary wrote about is so exactly my size that it seems like providence."

Miss Carrie laughed.

"Then, mamma, according to that reasoning, I ought to send my gray coat; it will fit that Maria

they wrote about as well as though it was made for her. I thought I should like to wear it to school, but my other will answer every purpose; and it seems, as you say, a pity to keep two second-best when other people are cold. I'll send it, mamma."

"All right, dear," the mother said, with a smile.

Then Dinah went out and shut the door. She did some hard thinking while she was paring the turnips for dinner.

"Jest to think of Missis sendin' off that black dress, jest as good as new, and Miss Carrie givin' her gray coat that she said she liked so much, and that she looks as purty as a pictur' in; and the old dress I thought would go ain't no 'count, it seems. Reckin Dinah better find somethin' to send if she belongs to this yere fam'ly."

When Dinah went in to set the table for dinner, she had a bundle under her arm.

"Here, Miss Webber," she said, "I done found dis yere for the mission box."

"Why, Dinah, are you going to send your new calico dress?"

"Yes 'm; reckon I can spare it for dat ar' poor woman what de letter tole 'bout. I don't need three; I got two good second-hand ones, and I can wash 'em week about, and let her have this one."

"Dinah has taught us a Thanksgiving lesson," said her mistress, as the door closed after the cook.

But Dinah knew it was just the other way.

Much To Be Thankful For.

There was once a poor washerwoman that was not contented. She was continually thinking of her hard lot, and grieving because she did not fare as well as her neighbors. Her pastor noticed this, and thought he would try to change her sad wailing to praising.

One day she said: "Oh, yes, if I were rich and would not have to work so hard, I might be happy and light-hearted, too."

"But you have much to be thankful for," said the pastor.

"Much to be thankful for?" exclaimed the parishioner, in a chagrined tone of voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones: you have good health, and an industrious, temperate husband, and children with sound bodies and minds. These are great mercies. Just think of Mrs. Smith, who has been suffering with rheumatism for an entire year; or think of Mrs. Winter whose husband is a drunkard. Now, Mrs. Jones, when you say your prayers this evening, I want you to thank God for some of these blessings He has bestowed upon you."

Some weeks later, when the pastor called on Mrs. Jones, he heard her singing as he approached the house. She greeted him with a smile, and said: "Pastor, I've been trying to count God's mercies to me since you were here, and I find that you were right. I have much to be thankful for."

••• "Thanksgiving Joe."

That is what folks called an old colored uncle, who always found reason for thanksgiving, no matter what happened. One day he came to the meeting with his thumb tied up. The folks asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "To-day I was fixing a box and I smashed my thumb, but praise the Lord I have my thumb yet." At another time he came to evening services as bright as ever. Someone asked him, "Well, uncle, what have you to praise the Lord for to-night?" "Oh," said he, "I was coming down the street to-night with a big piece of beefsteak. I had spent all my money on that beefsteak, and I laid it down on the sidewalk to tie my shoe, and while I was tying my shoe, a big dog came along and took that beefsteak and carried it off. Praise the Lord!" A man said, "Look here, uncle, what are you praising the Lord for about that?" Old uncle answered, "I am praising the Lord because I've got my appetite left. Many a rich man would give much money for an appetite."

Uncle Joe never forgot the many blessings of God which he daily enjoyed, and so he always found cause for thanksgiving, even on "evil days."

"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done!"

••• Her Only Comfort.

In a rear tenement of lower New York lay a dying woman, whose husband, brutal through drink, would not allow even hospital care. Under the bed snarled the hungry dogs. The place was noisy and foul and dark, but the city missionary kept at his post.

"I'll go soon," said the poor sufferer. "There is nothing more you can do—only stay—tell me the words again."

So over and over, until death had sealed her ears and closed her lips, the dying woman tried to repeat with the missionary her Saviour's sweet invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The Russian Princess.

A clergyman once came to a wealthy Russian princess and asked her for a few trees out of her boundless forests to be used in the building of a church. She cut his request roundly off by declaring that she could not spare these trees. As the request was unavailing, and the princess in anger was about to bid her servants to lead out the petitioning clergyman, he said with penetrating tone: "Well, princess, keep your trees which you cannot spare; six boards out of your forests is all that shall remain to you."

Saying this, he quickly went away.

The princess meditatively repeated the last words of the clergyman. "Six boards," said she; "what does he mean by that?" She could not conceive what he meant. She had the clergyman called back again, and asked him what the six boards meant. "Your coffin, princess," he answered calmly. She was struck with fear, and sat down and wrote him a permission to take as many trees as he wished.

Would it not be well for many who treat the kingdom of God with good wishes, but will not uphold it by act, to think of the coffin, that one only inheritance which the world is able to give? What was the fate of the rich fool?

A king of Egypt ordered that after his death his shirt should be carried on a pole in front of his coffin, accompanied by the proclamation: "The great king Salâdin takes nothing out of the world but this shirt: all the rest he must leave behind." Blessed is he who has hope of a glorious eternal inheritance! He that sows sparingly shall also reap sparingly. — *From the German.*

••• A Doer of the Word.

A woman heard a sermon in which, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. She was much affected by the sermon.

The next day, when the pastor, according to his custom, went among his hearers and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. She complained much about her bad memory and said she had forgotten almost all that he had said. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered; I remembered to burn my bushel measure."

A doer of the Word cannot really be a forgetful hearer.

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."

NOTES AND ITEMS.

NEW ORLEANS.—St. Paul's Colored School and College are attended by 225 scholars, and there are prospects that the number will reach 300. A new building for the Colored Lutheran College is being erected at a cost of \$3650 and will soon be dedicated.

WITH THE LORD.—Teacher L. Fuhrmann, who for some time faithfully served in one of our colored mission schools at New Orleans, departed this life at Chicago, September 26, aged 21 years, 6 months, and 4 days.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them," Rev. 14, 13.

NORTH CAROLINA.—On the 16th Sunday after Trinity two new laborers for our mission field, James Doswell and F. Wahlers, were ordained by the Rev. N. J. Bakke. May God richly bless the work of His servants to the salvation of many souls.

WHO GAVE THE MOST?—A German mission paper relates the following: A certain man who gave \$5000 for missions was greatly praised for his generous gift.

"I know one who is still more liberal," said a bystander.

"Indeed! And who might it be? What is his name?"

"The gift that he gave is known to but few. But the Lord is mindful of the gift and the giver. I lately met an aged man, who with tears in his eyes said that his only son was about to leave him and his home to be a missionary in foreign lands. The father knew that his son felt a call of the Spirit, and hesitated only because of his father. 'But how could I hold him back?' said the old man. 'Almost my whole life long I had prayed, 'Thy kingdom come,' and though the pain of parting is great and I am certain to see him no more on earth, I feel a deep and heartfelt joy that I have let him go for Christ's sake.'"

A GOOD MEMORY.—Dr. Moffat, the great African missionary, recorded the following instance of a remarkable memory in an African savage. Dr. Moffat once preached a sermon to a group of Africans, and was shortly afterwards attracted by the gesticulations of a young savage addressing a number of blacks. On going up to the group, he was amazed to hear the savage reproducing his own sermon, word for word.

THE PRAYER OF A HYPOCRITE.—A farmer, whose cribs were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied; but when anyone in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him:

"Father, I wish I had your corn."

"Why, my son; what could you do with it?" asked the father.

The child replied, "I would answer your prayers."

EACH FOUND WHAT HE LOOKED FOR.—Mr. Moody used to tell of an English colonel in India, who declared he had lived there long enough to shoot thirty tigers, but had never seen a heathen convert; whereas a missionary, who had spent a life-time there, said he had never seen a tiger. Both were truthful. Each found what he wanted. One thirsted for tiger blood, another for souls. One found no converts in jungles, the other no tigers in meeting houses.

LAUNDRY WORK IN KOREA.—In Korea women's work is never done. Says an exchange:

"They are expected to keep their husbands and sons in spotless linen, and as the men dress completely in white, wearing even white leggings, and as Korea abounds in miry clay, the washing becomes no mean thing. Moreover, when one learns that every article, before it is washed, must be entirely picked to pieces, and, after it is ironed, remade, the work is seen to be very great. The Korean women have no soap, no tubs, no washboards. The clothes are carried to a mountain stream and there rubbed on the stones. They have no irons, so the pieces of cloth are wound over a sort of rolling-pin and patted with a stick, a most laborious and tedious process, but one that gives linen a gloss almost equal to that of satin. The traveler coming into a town, far into the night, never fails to hear the tick-tack, tick-tack, which announces the woman at her ironing.

BIBLE FOR INDIANS.—Some remains of the Mohawk Indians still exist in Canada, and the British and Foreign Bible Society has been asked to issue a new edition of the old Mohawk translation of the Scriptures.

AFRICA.—Roughly speaking, there are (from statistics) 100,000 inhabitants of Africa to each foreign Protestant missionary. There are about five European missionaries to one American. There are two black men to every white man. There are in

North Africa twice as many natives as in the South, and the South has twice as many missionaries as the North. And the need of North Africa is fourfold that of the southern half. Northern Africa has one Protestant missionary to 125,000 Mohammedans. The Soudan has one Protestant missionary to 45,000,000 Mohammedans and pagans. West Africa has about one Protestant missionary to 50,000 pagans.

CONGO HORRORS.—Says an exchange: "In spite of the protests of the press and of the pulpit, of statesmen and of ministers of State, and also of the missionaries and travelers, the Belgian Government keeps up its cruel practices on the Congo in Africa. It has the worst form of slavery ever seen on earth, it shows the least respect for human rights of any government that has ever existed, and its atrocious outrage upon the natives is without a parallel in human history. But the Belgian king is a Romanist, and the pope and his cardinals are silent. They are waiting for a chance to have all the Protestants burned or put to death, and then they will come in for the glory."

HOW STANLEY BECAME A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.—The late H. M. Stanley, the great African explorer, said: "What I wanted, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor African, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the bitterest atheist in London. I was there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'Why on earth does he stop here?' Four months after we met I found myself listening to him and wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible! Little by little his sympathies for others became contagious. Mine was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how quietly he went about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it."

A Touching Question.

Michael Faraday, like many other truly great scientists, was a humble believer in the Bible as God's Word and in Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour.

On one occasion a friend found him in tears, with his head bent over an open Bible. "I fear you are feeling worse," his friend said.

"No," answered Faraday, "it is not that; but," he continued, looking at the Bible, "why, oh, why will not men believe the blessed truths here revealed to them?"

OUR BOOK TABLE.

SERMONS ON THE GOSPELS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR.
By Henry Sieck. Part Second. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 85 cts.

Like Part First of *Sermons on the Gospels of the Ecclesiastical Year*, this Part Second is also sound and Scriptural in teachings, plain in statement, simple in language, devout in spirit, and altogether wholesome. We heartily commend the book for use in the family and by pastors. Parts First and Second may be obtained bound in one volume for \$1.60.

SUNDAY. Translated from the German of Rev. C. M. Zorn by J. A. Rimbach. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. 16 pages. Price, 5 cts.

This excellent little tract presents, in popular style, the Bible doctrine of the Lutheran church regarding Sunday, and deserves a wide circulation.

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St. Louis, Oct. 15, 1904. A. C. BURGDOFF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 12.

The Holy Christ-child.

O heart of mine! lift up thine eyes
And see who in yon manger lies!
Of perfect form, of face divine—
It is the Christ-child, heart of mine!
O dearest, holiest Christ-child, spread
Within this heart of mine Thy bed;
Then shall my breast forever be
A chamber consecrate to Thee!

Luther.

A Saviour for All.

The Saviour whose birth the angel made known to the shepherds in the holy Christmas night is a Saviour for all. If it were not so, the Christmas tidings would not be tidings of great joy, and Christmas Day would not be a day of gladness. If there were one exception, if one sinner were excluded, then every sinner might think himself that one, and how could the Christmas festival then be a joyful festival? But there is no exception. The Saviour born at Bethlehem is a Saviour for all. Therefore the angel who brought the glad Christmas tidings said that these tidings shall be "to all people." And Christ Himself, when speaking of His coming into the world, said, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As God loved the whole sinful world, so the Saviour, the gift of His love, is for the whole sinful world, "that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That word "whosoever" includes even the greatest sinner and has brought comfort to many a poor trembling soul.

Says a Southern army physician: There was an old soldier lying on his cot, sick and full of trouble. He was sad, although the Christmas season had

come and there was rejoicing in the camp, as there generally is throughout the South on Christmas Day. He had lived quite a long life in sin; but his conscience was now awakened, and he trembled at the wrath of God. He had formerly, no doubt, celebrated many a Christmas Day and had heard of the Saviour, but he thought he was too great a sinner, and that there was no salvation for him. A Christian comrade stood near, who, seeing his friend very restless, asked what he could do for him.

"I don't know; I want something," answered the sick man, "I am miserable."

His friend brought a cup of water, saying, "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

The soldier took the cup in his trembling hand, but said, "No, this isn't really what I want."

"It is almost time for the surgeon to come in," said his friend kindly.

"Well, he can't do much for me," sighed the poor man; "it ain't such help that I want. Oh, I'm a dreadfully wicked man; and the way is all dark before me—all dark."

His Christian friend sat down beside him and asked if he would not like to hear what the Bible had to say to wicked men who want something the surgeon cannot give.

"Oh, yes," moaned the sick man; "but I'm afraid there is no use in it. It's a long time since I have had anything to do with the Bible, and I'm the greatest sinner in the world; and it's all dark ahead, all dark!"

"But listen to what Jesus says," said his friend; and he read the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Read that again," said the sick man. This was done, stress being laid on the word "whosoever."

"But what does that word 'whosoever' mean?" the sick man eagerly inquired.

"It means anybody," said his friend.

"No, not anybody, not such a sinner as I am," he interrupted again.

"Yes, it does," said his friend.

"And so vile and wicked?"

"It is just such that Jesus came to save."

"And so wretched and dark?"

"The very one exactly. Christ was born as the Saviour of the world—the whole world—all sinners. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son.' God's Son became man to be the Saviour of all, and there is nobody so wicked or so low or so miserable but that Jesus comes to him in the Gospel as his Saviour. Whosoever—let him be who he may—whosoever believeth in Him, that is, trusts in Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life. That is what God's Word says."

"Read it once more," said the sick man, looking into his friend's face as if he were grasping the last hope. His friend again read the precious words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Whosoever believeth; then it means me!" the sick man exclaimed, and his face grew calm with a new trust and bright with a new joy—the true Christmas joy over the Saviour who came to save all sinners, even the chief of sinners.

Believe God's Word.

It was an angel from heaven that brought the good tidings of the Saviour's birth to the shepherds in the holy Christmas night. Now, some people might think they, too, would accept and believe the Gospel message if it were brought to them by an angel. But that would be believing for the preacher's sake, not for the Word's sake. The shepherds knew that the angel was God's messenger, and that the tidings he brought were God's Word. When, therefore, the angel had left them, "the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." They did not doubt that the Lord Himself had made known unto them the Saviour's birth, and they accepted the message, not for the angel's sake, but because it was God's own message. So we should accept and believe the Gospel message, not for the preacher's sake, but because it is God's Word. It is the Lord

Himself who in the Gospel makes known unto us the things which have been done for our salvation.

On this point Dr. Luther says: "Some one may say, Yea, I too would believe, if it were in like manner proclaimed unto me by an angel from heaven. This amounts to nothing, for whoever does not accept it for itself, would never accept it for the preacher's sake, though *all* the angels preached it to him. And whoever accepts it on account of the preacher does not believe the Word, nor in God through the Word, but he believes the preacher and in the preacher, but consequently his faith does not endure long.

"But whoever believes the Word cares not who the person is that speaks it, and he honors the Word, not for the person's sake; but, on the other hand, he honors the person for the Word's sake, always placing the person beneath the Word. And although the person passes away, or falls from faith, and another preaches, he gives up the former person rather than the Word and continues in what he has heard, allowing the individual to be, to come or to go, when and as he may and will.

"The real difference between divine and human faith is that the human runs after the person, believes, trusts, and honors the Word for the sake of him who speaks it. But, on the contrary, divine faith runs after the Word, which is God Himself, believes, trusts, and honors the Word, not for the sake of him who speaks it, but he feels that it is so certainly true that no one could delineate it more perfectly, although the same preacher attempted it. This is evident from the Samaritans (John 4, 24), who, when they first heard of Christ from the heathenish woman, and upon her word went out of the city to Christ, when they themselves heard Him, said to the woman: 'Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we know now that this is the Saviour of the world.'"

The Word Made Flesh.

The Son of God came down from heaven that we might receive the adoption of sons. God became man, that man might become a partaker of divine grace and of the divine nature. Christ chose to be born into the world in the time of the peaceful Augustus, because He was the blessed Peacemaker between man and God. He was born in the darkness of the night, who came as the true light to illumine the darkness of the world. He was born in Bethlehem, the house of bread, who brought with Himself from heaven the bread of life for our souls.

John Gerhard.

The Resurrection of Christ.

ITS COMFORT.

Why is the resurrection of Christ so comforting to us? Because, in the *first* place, it is conclusive evidence that Christ is the Son of God and that His doctrine is the truth. Paul expressly says: "He is declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead," Rom. 1, 4. Christ, by His own almighty power, raised Himself from the dead, and so proved that He was the very God Himself. "I am the Resurrection and the Life"—these words of Jesus were more gloriously proved by His own resurrection than by the raising of Lazarus from the dead. By His resurrection He proved Himself to be the Messiah of whom David had prophesied: "Thou wilt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption," Ps. 16, 10. To the Jews He had said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," John 2, 19, and in His resurrection these words were fulfilled. He had given them the sign of Jonah, telling them that He would lie in the bosom of the earth three days, as Jonah had been buried three days in the whale's belly. His resurrection was a fulfillment of this sign and impressed the seal of truth upon His words.

If Christ had not raised Himself from the dead, we never could have believed Him to be the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, for then the prophecies concerning the Messiah would not have been fulfilled in Him, and His own words would have stamped Him a liar and deceiver. But now that He rose from the dead, we can no longer doubt that He is God's Son and our Redeemer, and that His doctrine is the truth.

Christ's resurrection, furthermore, proves that God the Father has accepted the sacrifice of His Son for the reconciliation of the world. "Christ was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification," Rom. 4, 25. Christ was our Substitute, having taken our sins upon Himself and having died for us on the cursed wood of the cross. He bears all the punishment of our sins. Will God accept His sacrifice as a perfect atonement for our transgressions? Will the death of Christ redeem all men? Will His blood be sufficient to wash away our sins and to reconcile us to God? Will the ransom which Christ brings be sufficient to redeem us from the slavery of sin and the devil?—Christ had indeed exclaimed upon the cross, "It is finished," namely, the work of redemption; but was it true?—The resurrection of Christ answers, Yes. It is a conclusive proof that our sins are fully atoned for,

that God is reconciled, that death, devil, and hell are conquered. Our debt is paid, and Christ's resurrection is the receipt written in God's own hand. If Christ were not raised, our faith would indeed be vain, we would yet be in our sins; but since He is raised our faith has a firm foundation, for He who died for our sins has now been raised for our justification.

God having accepted Christ's death as the atonement for our sins, it is as though we all had died. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," this threat must stand; but in Christ we have all died. Christ's resurrection is therefore the seal of our reconciliation and justification. Now no law can condemn us, no devil accuse us, no death frighten us. Christ is free, and we are free in Him; Christ lives, and we live with Him.

Finally, the resurrection of Christ assures us that all believers shall rise unto life eternal. Christ and His believers are one; He is the Head, they are the members. But now Christ says, "I live, ye shall live also," John 14, 19. As sure as Christ lives, so sure will we also live. Christ is risen as the first-fruits of them that are asleep. We shall all follow Him. As we all must die in Adam, we shall in Christ all rise to life eternal. Temporal death will be the entrance into eternal life for us that believe. As the angel speaking of Christ told the women, "He is not here; He is risen," so will it be said of us, "They are not in the grave; they are risen."

Yes, we shall certainly rise and enter into Christ's kingdom of glory, where we shall serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence, and blessedness; for He has said, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be," John 12, 26. A little while, and we shall see our Saviour from face to face; a little while, and believing will be changed into seeing.

F. J. L.

Faith in the Christmas Tidings.

"The Christmas tidings," says Luther, "require faith which accepts them as true, and firmly holds against all doubts, that the Saviour is surely born. This faith quiets the heart, so that thou wilt not charge God with falsehood through thy unbelief, as they do who refuse to believe and thus lose their Saviour. Where this faith is wanting, Christ, as the Son of God, is denied by those who will not confess their sins, nor acknowledge Him as their Saviour, as well as by those who feel their condemnation and confess their guilt, but do not faithfully receive the consolation that Christ is their Saviour."

A Blessed Christmas.

Hattie went out to take a walk on Christmas morning, and as she reached the doorstep on her return, she saw a poor, ragged-looking boy leaning upon the railing and looking wistfully into the kitchen-window, where the cook was preparing the dinner.

"I wish you a merry Christmas," she said.

"Thank you," said the boy, lifting up his torn cap and trying to make a polite bow; "but I guess it won't be a merry Christmas at our house."

money to buy one; and I'll add the half dollar which Uncle Roy gave me this morning."

"Don't get so excited, Hattie; I will talk to the boy and see what can be done."

While Mrs. Allen was talking with him, her servant-man returned with some parcels, and as he passed the boy he recognized him as the son of a poor man whom he well knew. The lady was quite satisfied that Johnny's story was true, and calling him into the kitchen, she filled a basket with good things, and Hattie slipped in an envelope enclosing her half dollar.



Christmas in the Home.

"Why not?" said Hattie; "I thought everybody was happy on Christmas Day."

"Well, there won't be any good time at our house, for father's been sick, and mother has had to work so hard, she's all tired out. We had only one slice of bread a piece for our breakfast this morning, and there isn't even a crust left for our dinner."

Hattie's blue eyes opened with wonder at this sad story, and her bright face was clouded with sorrow. "Wait till I come back again," she said, and she flew up the steps and over the house to find her mamma. When she found her she said, "O mamma, there's a poor boy on the steps who says his father is sick, and they haven't a morsel in the house for dinner. Please, mamma, give him some

Johnny's mother went about her work that Christmas morning with a sad heart. Her husband was growing weaker every day for the want of nourishing food, and now they had actually eaten their last crust.

"What will become of us?" she asked herself again and again as her little ones came crying around her for food.

Just then Johnny burst into the room, his face aglow with pleasure, and setting the well-filled basket upon the table, he exclaimed, "Cheer up, mother, we'll have a Christmas dinner yet; only see what I have here!"

Mrs. Morris examined her treasure as well as she could through the tears of joy that filled her

eyes, and while she took out the many good things, Johnny told her how they all came to him as a Christmas present from some kind Christian folks. Mrs. Morris also found the envelope with Hattie's half dollar, and another envelope enclosing a five dollar bill, with these words:

"Accept these gifts for the sake of Him whose birth we celebrate to-day, and may you all learn to love Him as your Saviour from all sin, and trust Him in your hour of need."

How changed was everything now in the humble home of that poor family! They celebrated not only a merry but a blessed Christmas. Their hearts were drawn to the Saviour, and they thanked Him for all His loving kindness.

The Christmas Babe.

We love to think of Bethlehem,
That little mountain town,
To which, on earth's first Christmas Day,
Our blessed Lord came down.
A lowly manger for His bed,
The cattle near in stall,
There, cradled close in Mary's arms,
He slept—the Lord of all.

If we had been in Bethlehem,
We, too, had hastened fain
To see the Babe whose little face
Knew neither care nor pain.
Like any little child of ours,
He came unto His own,
Through cross and shame before Him stretched,
His pathway to His throne.

If we had dwelt in Bethlehem,
We would have followed fast,
And where the star had led our feet
Have knelt ere dawn was past.
Our gifts, our songs, our prayers had been
An offering, as He lay,
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
In Mary's arms that day.

Now breaks the latest Christmas Morn!
Again the angels sing,
And far and near the children throng
Their happy hymns to bring.
All heaven is stirred! All earth is glad!
For down the shining way
The Lord who came to Bethlehem
Comes yet, on Christmas Day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

For Us.

It is not sufficient to believe that Christ has come, but we must believe also that He was sent from God, that He is the Son of God, and also very man, that He was born of a virgin, that He alone has fulfilled the Law, and that not for Himself, but for us, that is, for our salvation. — *Luther.*

A Day of Rejoicing at New Orleans.

Joy and gratitude filled the hearts and minds of the members and friends of our missions at New Orleans, La., in the service held there on November 6. And truly, they had good reason for their joy and their gratitude. What had long been felt as a pressing need now stood before them an accomplished fact; what had been desired so earnestly for many a day was now realized before their very eyes. A college, "Luther College," had been organized and on the date mentioned above its permanent home was dedicated to its use.

Two years ago the representatives of the Synodical Conference, then in session at Milwaukee, Wis., had placed before them the urgent need of providing a higher school for our colored boys and girls. The matter was well considered, most carefully weighed, and thereupon Conference concluded that the want must be filled if our missions should prosper.

Now, the beginning was not made by erecting a building. It came about in quite a different way, so that the necessity of building was forced upon us by the growth and prosperity of the school.

Let me tell you of its beginning, growth, and of the day and doings at the dedication of the new home of this college.

About a year or so ago, a number of boys and girls from our Lutheran parochial schools had advanced so far in their studies that they had finished the grades taught there. Desiring to continue, they would have been forced to enter the state school, or to go to one of the many sectarian colleges. In either case they would have been drawn away in a greater or less degree from the influence of the pure Word of God. About the same time two young men from one of our stations in New Orleans, and one from Mansura, La., were found willing to enter school to prepare themselves for work in the Lord's vineyard. Various matters and conditions forbade sending them to other Lutheran institutions abroad. They looked to us. God sent them here. We could not judge otherwise. Now the beginning was made. These pupils were sheltered during the school hours as well as could be done under the circumstances in the vestry of St. Paul's Church, a long but narrow room, and of irregular shape. The room is so narrow that it permits of but two desks to stand beside each other, leaving only a small space in the center of an aisle, though the desks have been placed close to the walls at the other ends. Here the instructions were given for about a year, when the increasing numbers demanded an increase of space.

Now as to the instruction. The missionaries, convinced of the necessity of the undertaking, and wishing to see the institution develop in its own natural way, were of one mind in rendering what help they could in instructing the students. Thus each of the three remaining missionaries instructed them in two studies each week during the past year. However, this method could not be carried on indefinitely, especially since two of the missionaries were daily engaged in teaching a class of their own parochial school in another part of the city, quite a distance from there.

Such were the conditions as the summer came on. Looking forward, it was clear that these conditions must become more intense as soon as the fall term of school would begin. And the expected came about. The need had become urgent, pressing to the highest degree. We were confronted with "*Either now or never.*" And every knowing one declared it must be "*now.*" Lay members of our church visiting in these parts pressed it upon the missionaries that help was sorely needed, a home for the institution as well as a teaching force.

Having these simple facts before them, the venerable Mission Board did not hesitate to carry out the resolution of Synodical Conference. However, let it be said that the strictest possible economy was exercised.

The sum of \$800.00 was expended for a plot of ground measuring 60 by about 130 feet. On this lot a neat little college was erected containing four class rooms, an office room and, on the first floor, also a ten-foot hall. A modest building, truly, for a college, and yet a noble building, a building that causes our hearts to overflow with gratitude towards God and to the noble friends of our mission through whose beneficence the erection of the college has been made possible.

We say *our* hearts are filled with joy and gratitude. Not only the laborers in the near-by station (St. Paul) are meant, nor even all the laborers in the mission at New Orleans, but all our people, the members of our missions and their friends. For they all take a lively interest in this work. They pray for its success, they are beginning to give for this noble cause; they work for it. Their interest was also shown at the dedication of Luther College, for they came out in large numbers, from the white congregations of the city as well as from our mission, which fact we note with pleasure.

At 3 P. M. the choirs of our three stations opened the service by jointly singing a hymn of praise unto the Lord. The officiating pastors were Revs. F. Lankenau, Geo. C. Franke, K. Kretzschmar, and the

undersigned. After a hymn by the congregation Rev. Lankenau offered prayer, and receiving the key from Mr. Lugenbuhl, the builder, he proceeded to unlock the doors of the college and invited the congregation in to participate in the further service of dedication. In dedicating the college the name of it was also officially given out as LUTHER COLLEGE.

Though what was thought to be ample seating accommodations had been supplied, the throngs that poured into the new edifice soon had occupied every seat, and more seats were brought in. Many sat immediately under the lecturer's desk. Children, for want of room elsewhere, betook themselves to the edge of the platform. The windows and doors, the front and rear galleries, in short, every available inch of room was taken by such as were eager to take part in the dedication service. The opening of the service in the college was made by Rev. K. Kretzschmar who, after the singing of a hymn, read a lesson from Scripture and offered a prayer. Another hymn of praise rang out from a joyful congregation, and then Rev. Geo. C. Franke, of the English Missouri Synod, delivered the dedicatory address. In it he briefly reviewed the history of events leading to the day's gathering at this place. He dwelt at some length upon the value of a college education and presented the necessity of such training for the welfare of our missions.

After a selection sung by St. Paul's choir, followed by another hymn by the congregation, the undersigned offered a prayer and pronounced the benediction, the service closing with the doxology. The collection raised in the service was, of course, devoted to the college fund.

Luther College is a two-story structure, modest, very modest, indeed, for being a college, and yet, in all its economic simplicity, a cause for much joy and even more gratitude to us. The building is raised about seven feet from the ground. It contains four classrooms, well lighted and ventilated, and will, in itself, be a source of pleasure to teacher and pupils. The instruction in this college is given by Revs. Lankenau and F. Wenzel.

We rejoice, and our fellow Christians, who have made Luther College possible, surely rejoice with us. To them, next to God, we render our warmest thanks. May God bless them and the work of their hands as manifested in this institution of learning. May His blessing rest upon Luther College.

J. KOSSMANN.

He that sincerely gives his heart and his prayers to mission work will not deny his money.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

CLOSE OF VOLUME.—This number closes another volume of our paper. The friends of the PIONEER will not forget that this is a good time to get new subscribers for our mission paper. They can thus aid us in our mission work, since all the profits go into the mission treasury.

NEW ORLEANS.—As our readers are told in this issue by one of our missionaries, the new College building for our colored Lutheran students was recently dedicated with great rejoicing. There are at present 25 students in attendance.—The school at St. Paul's station numbers 275 pupils, and there are prospects of the number being increased soon to 300.—Bethlehem congregation, Rev. J. Kossmann, pastor, resolved to give six of its communion Sunday collections to the treasury of Luther College and six to the mission treasury. The Sunday school of this congregation will divide its monthly collections in the same manner.

NORTH CAROLINA.—As we learn from our German mission paper, a very suitable piece of ground of four acres in Greensboro, N. C., has been donated for Immanuel College. It is to be hoped that the Mission Board will be enabled soon to begin the erection of the much-needed college building. Forty colored students are at present attending college. They are under the instruction of Rev. Prof. N. J. Bakke and Rev. Prof. F. Wahlers.

GOLD MEDAL.—The Lutheran School Exhibit at the Exposition in St. Louis, in which also our colored Lutheran schools in New Orleans took part, has been honored with the Gold Medal.

BIBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES.—Recent reports from the American Bible Society in the Philippines show that the Scriptures have been translated into many of the Malayan dialects, and that the translations into other native dialects are progressing favorably. Since the society was established, four years ago, 272,400 volumes have been distributed.

TRUST IN GOD.—When Morrison, the pioneer missionary of China, left New York in 1807 for that distant country with its millions of heathen inhabitants, the owner of the vessel said to him, "So, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," replied the missionary, "but I expect that God will."

Let us do our part faithfully, but trust wholly in the Lord for results.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—A collector for missions called upon a rich friend for a gift. "Yes, I must give my mite," said the rich man. "Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked the collector. "Certainly," was the answer. "I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said the collector; "how much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars," said the rich man. "Well, then," said his friend, "give me your check for \$35,000; that will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her *all*."

A Christmas Tree for the Heathen.

A Lutheran pastor in Germany relates the following:

At our last Christmas celebration in the school I was very much surprised on seeing three boys enter the room with a Christmas tree which, among other ornaments, bore a number of small paper bags. The meaning of this I soon learned from the following address: "Dear pastor, Since you love the heathen and gladly collect gifts for them, we also have thought of them in this blessed Christmas time and have brought this tree, which bears many fruits. These are indeed small, but they are to help in bringing to the poor heathen the glad tidings of the Saviour born at Bethlehem." Each paper bag contained a few small coins, and the total amount was about five dollars. It was a welcome Christmas gift after the example of the wise men from the East, who opened their treasures and presented gifts unto the dear Christ-child.

A Beautiful Custom.

The Christmas feeding of the birds is still prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses, on trees and fences, to furnish them with their share of the Christmas bounty. Two or three days before, cartloads of sheaves are brought into the towns for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy and place them everywhere. Every poor man and every head of a family has saved a penny or two to buy a bunch of oats for the birds to have their Christmas. On this day, on many farms, the dear old horse, the young colt, the cattle, the sheep, the goats, and even the pigs receive double their usual amount of food. It is a beautiful custom, in which the children take an active part.

Not, "What will the world say?" but, "What will the Lord say?" should be our rule.

"In Grateful Remembrance."

Selma Olafsen was the only child of a poor widow who was sick. Selma tried her best to earn a little, to help her mother, by selling chestnuts. It was the day before Christmas, and she had not been very successful in disposing of her chestnuts. Toward evening she met a young man, whom she asked to buy some of her nuts. He handed her a silver piece and said, "I have no use for your nuts, but you are welcome to this." More customers now presented themselves, so that her basket was soon empty, when she hurried home.

Twenty-five years passed. Selma had grown to womanhood. Times for her had changed and she had become the wife of a banker. One evening on passing the library she saw a man in conversation with her husband, whom she recognized as the man, who, years before, had been so kind to her. After he had left she inquired his errand.

"He came to see if I would not give him a position in our bank."

"Will you?"

"I cannot tell."

"I very much wish you could," she said, and then related to her husband the story of her poverty and the man's generosity.

Christmas Eve had come again, and the poor man sat at the bedside of his invalid wife. Suddenly there was a knock at the door and a messenger left a note.

On opening the note, he exclaimed, "We are saved! The position is mine!" Then he proceeded to unfold another little paper which proved to be a check for \$200, and the note accompanying read: "In grateful remembrance of the kindness shown a little chestnut girl, just twenty-five years ago tonight."

A Christmas Day in Uganda.

A missionary, in one of his letters, gives the following report of a joyful Christmas Day at the capital of Uganda in Africa: "Christmas Day dawned, and verily, it is a day never to be forgotten. The thrill that went through me when, two years ago, I addressed a congregation of 1000 souls in the old church is still fresh in my memory. If I was thrilled then, I was simply overwhelmed yesterday when I stood up to speak of the Saviour to a congregation numbering over 5000 souls. The perfect stillness as I stood up to speak, and, indeed, throughout the service, was almost as awe-inspiring as the sight of the great multitude itself. In the afternoon a second

service was held, and I suppose between three and four thousand people must have been present. Later in the afternoon an English service was held. At this service a larger number of Europeans were present than have been gathered together before in Uganda. Christmas Day was a trying day, but an intensely joyful day—a day worth coming to the ends of the earth to enjoy."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1905. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

The time for new almanacs is coming. Everybody will want one, and we heartily recommend to our German readers the American Almanac for German Lutherans published by the Concordia Publishing House in St. Louis. It is full of excellent instructive reading matter and contains the usual valuable statistics concerning the Synodical Conference, the largest Lutheran body in America.

SINGET DEM HERRN! Eine Sammlung geistlicher Gesaenge fuer gemischte Choere. Heft 2. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 20 cts.; per dozen, \$1.50.

Five excellent Christmas anthems for mixed choirs. They will commend themselves to any church choir desiring good Christmas music.

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. K. Kretzschmar from Mount Zion Church in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. M. Weinhold from St. Paul's Church in Mansura, La., 10.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00, and from congregation in Rudd, N. C., 7.32.

St. Louis, Nov. 15, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

TERMS:

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